

No.15

OCT.-NOV.

# COOKIE

IND.

10¢

*The Funniest Kid in Town...*

COOKIE,  
PLEASE! NOT  
IN FRONT OF  
GREGORY  
PECK!







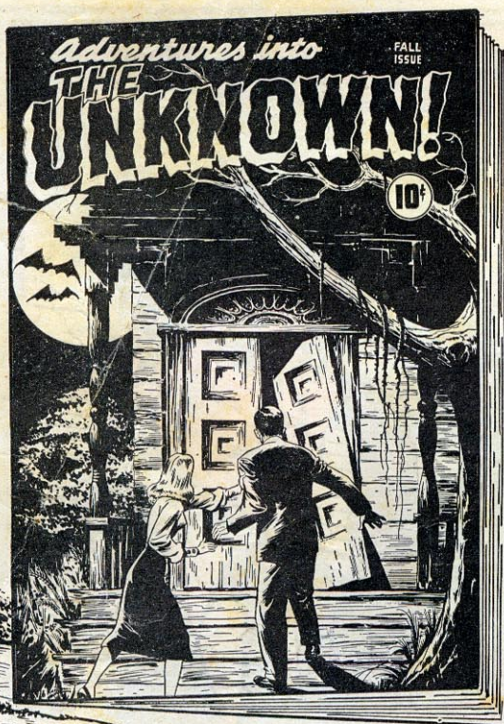
WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



**NEW... CREEPY... CHILLINGLY DIFFERENT!**

"adventures into  
**THE UNKNOWN!**"

...THAT JUST-OFF-THE-PRESS COMICS  
MAGAZINE THAT'S GOT THE COUNTRY  
**CAPTIVATED!**



For THE FIRST TIME... A  
MAGAZINE ABOUT **GHOSTS!**  
A MAGAZINE THAT'S CRAMMED  
COVER TO COVER WITH  
STRANGE STORIES OF...

**THE UNKNOWN!**

DO **WEREWOLVES** EXIST?  
DO **SPIRITS** WALK? CAN A  
HOUSE BE **HAUNTED**? NO  
MATTER WHAT THE ANSWER,  
YOU'RE IN FOR THE TREAT  
OF A LIFETIME!

READ **THE UNKNOWN!** FOR OUT-OF-  
THIS-WORLD WONDERS SUCH AS  
YOU'VE **NEVER** SEEN...FOR A THRILL-  
TIME EXPERIENCE YOU'LL REMEMBER  
**FOREVER!** IT'S ALL IN...

"adventures into  
**THE UNKNOWN!**"

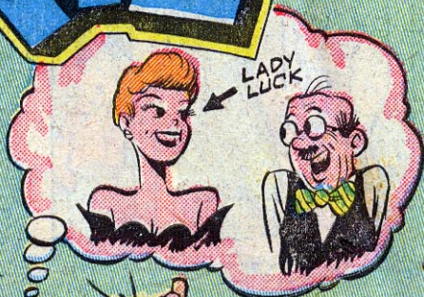
**10¢** ON ALL  
STANDS



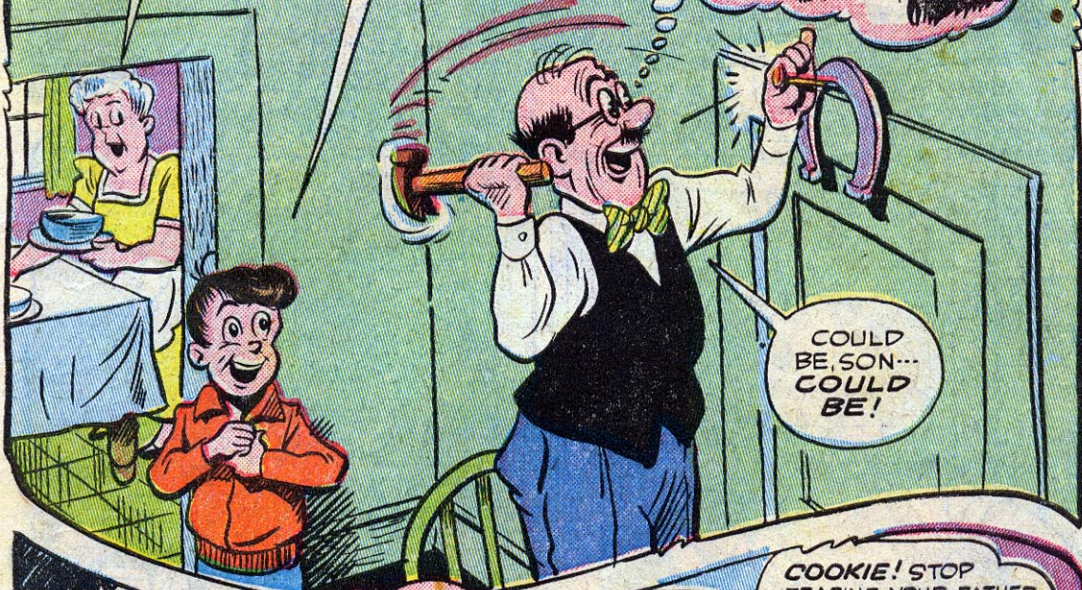
# "COOKIE"

FOR GOODNESS SAKE,  
STOP THAT HAMMERING  
AND COME TO BREAK-  
FAST, POP!

JUST A MINUTE, MOM!  
POP'S FIXIN' IT SO'S  
**LADY LUCK** WILL  
SMILE ON HIM...  
HUH, POP?



COULD  
BE, SON...  
COULD  
BE!

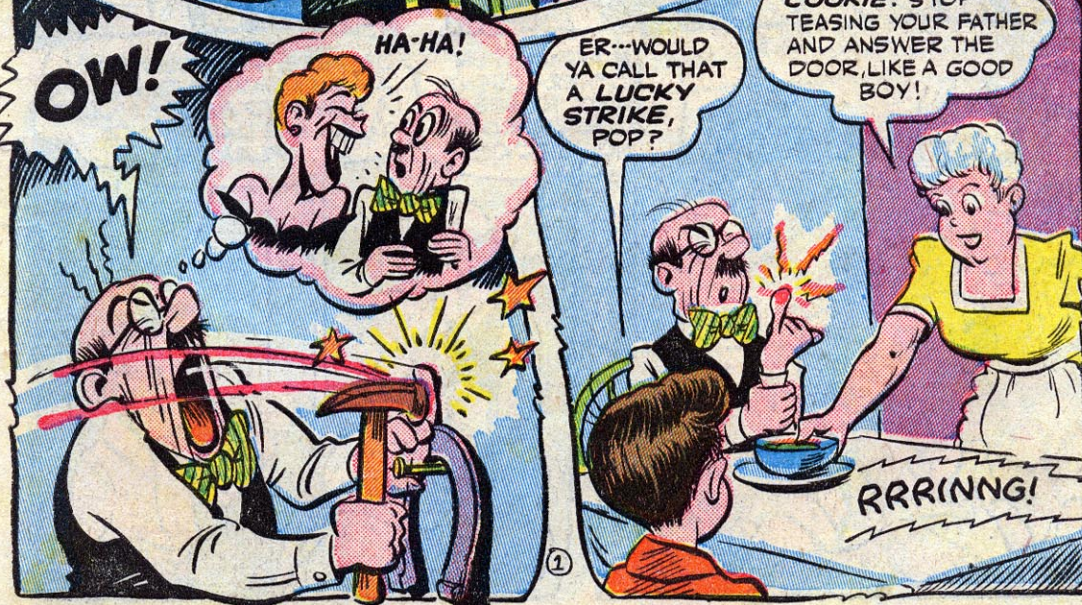


OW!

HA-HA!

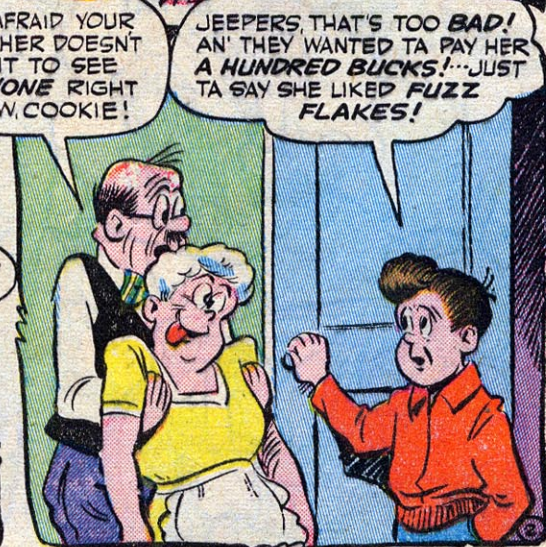
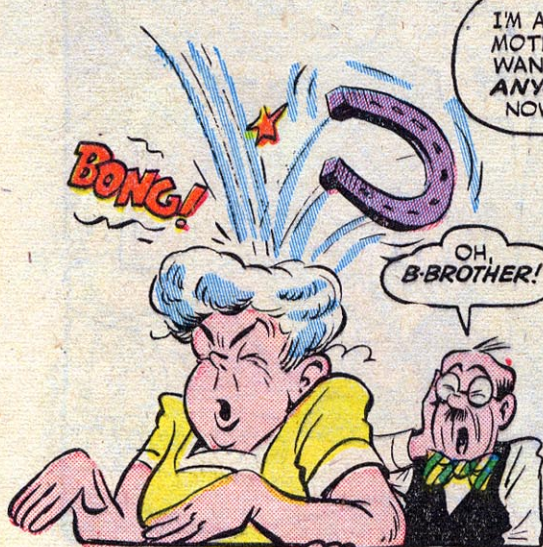
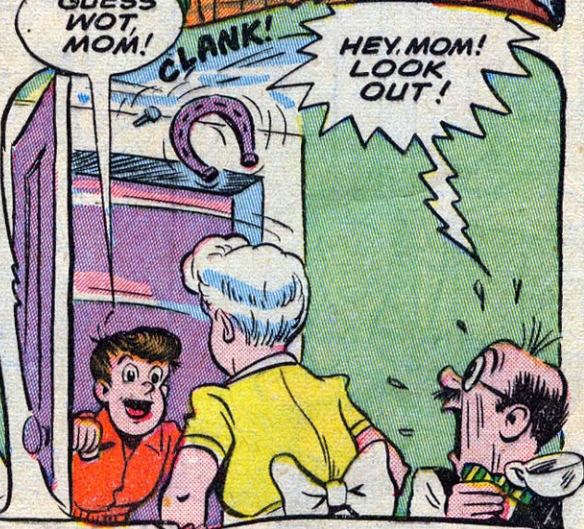
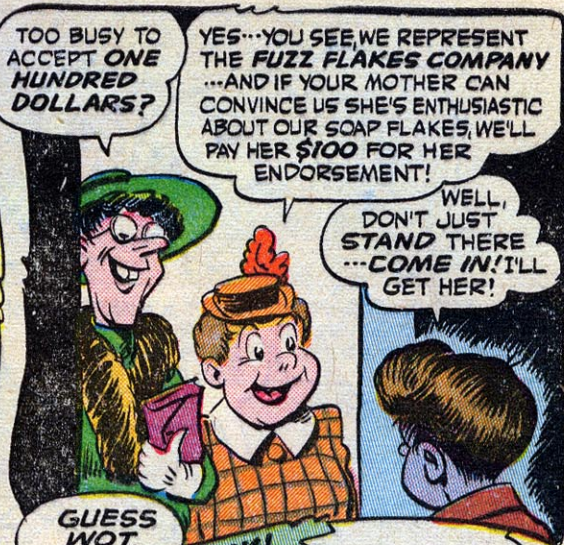
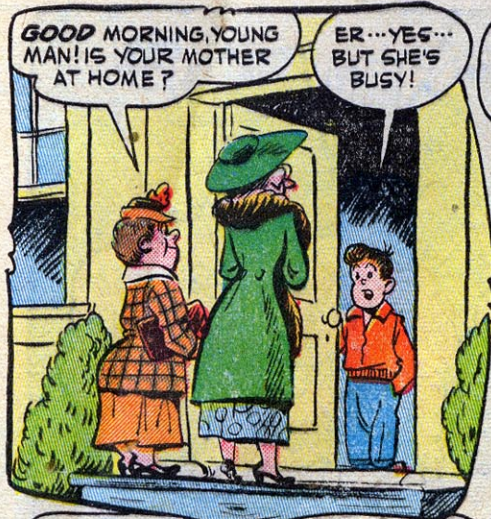
ER...WOULD  
YA CALL THAT  
A **LUCKY**  
**STRIKE**,  
POP?

**COOKIE!** STOP  
TEASING YOUR FATHER  
AND ANSWER THE  
DOOR, LIKE A GOOD  
BOY!



RRRING!







ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS  
...JUST FOR LIKING  
FUZZ FLAKES? DOES  
YOUR MOTHER USE  
THEM?

SURE...SHE'S BEEN  
USIN' THEM FOR  
MONTHS! WHY,  
THERE'S A BOX  
IN THE PANTRY  
NOW!

THEN TAKE CARE OF  
YOUR FATHER... I MEAN,  
MOTHER...WHILE I BE  
POP... I MEAN, MOM!  
I MEAN...WELL, WE  
CAN'T PASS UP  
THAT HUNDRED  
BUCKS!

BUT POP! ONLY  
THE LADY OF  
THE HOUSE  
CAN GET  
IT!

FOR A HUNDRED  
CLAMS, I'D BE  
GRETA GARBO!  
...SAY, THAT HORSE-  
SHOE WAS LUCKY  
AT THAT!

IF IT HADN'T HIT MOM,  
SHE'D PROBABLY HAVE  
SAID THE WRONG THING TO  
THEM! YESSIR, LADY  
LUCK PUT THE WHOLE  
THING IN MY HANDS  
...AND I'M JUST THE  
GUY WHO CAN HANDLE  
IT! I'LL MAKE 'EM  
THINK I'M CA-RAZY  
ABOUT THIS  
STUFF!

ER...MRS.  
O'TOOLE...  
I P-PRESUME?

AND WHAT A COIN-  
CIDENCE...WITH A BOX  
OF FUZZ FLAKES, NO  
LESS!...DO YOU LIKE  
THEM, MRS. O'TOOLE?

LIKE THEM?  
WHY, I'M NUTS  
ABOUT THEM!  
I EAT A BOWL  
AT EVERY  
MEAL!

UMMM...  
DELICIOUS!...ULP!  
ARRGH! BURP!  
GLOOFFF...

HEY, MOM'S OKAY  
NOW, POP!...HEY,  
POP! YER NOT  
SUPPOSED TO  
EAT 'EM!

POP?...AN  
IMPOSTOR!

AH...MAYBE I BETTER  
TAKE THAT HORSE-  
SHOE OUT AN' LOSE  
IT, HUH?

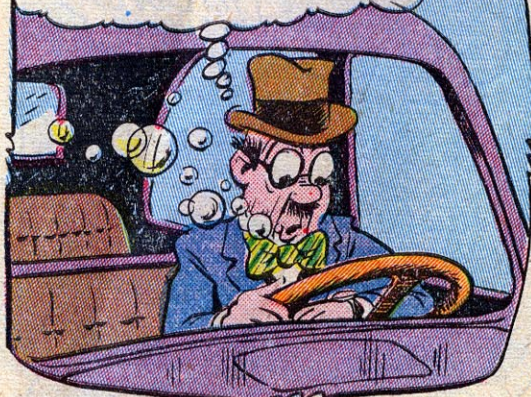
NO!...  
BLUB...  
FRRRFFFFF...



...NO DOUBT ABOUT IT! ANY DOUGH I GET, I'LL HAVE TO EARN BENDING OVER A HOT DESK! ...HOLY SMOKE! I'M LATE NOW!

MORNING, O'TOOLE! IS THAT A DROOL, OR DID YOU FORGET TO USE THE RAZOR?

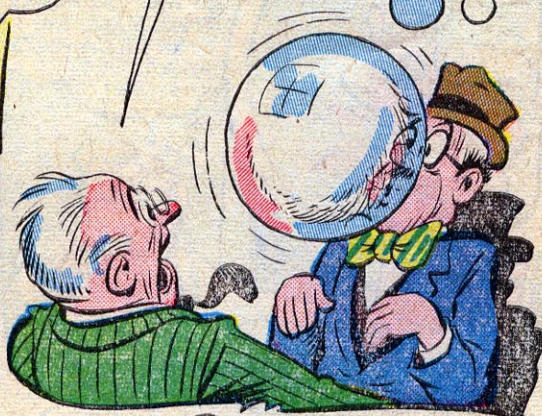
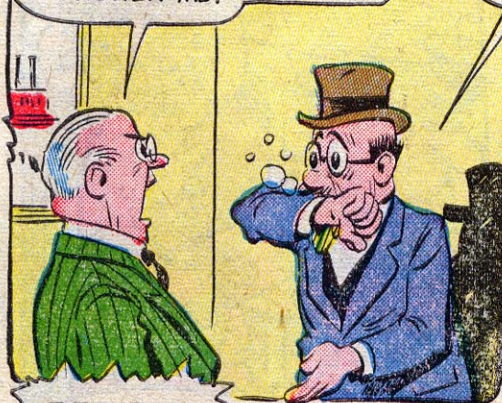
⇒BLUB!⇒  
VERY FUNNY!



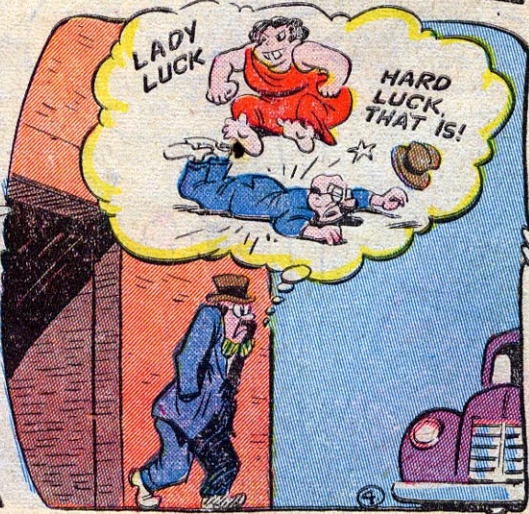
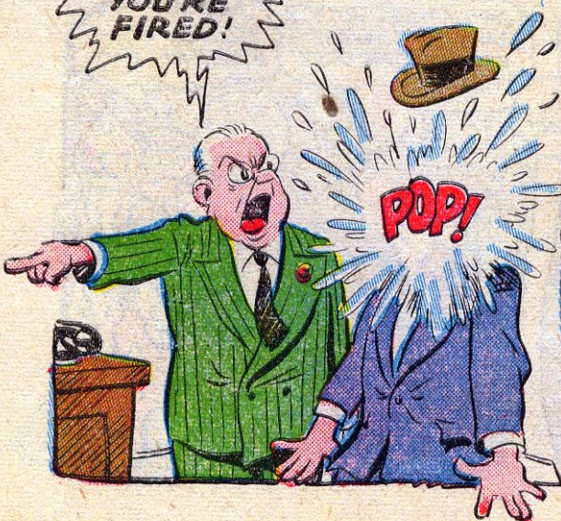
LATE AGAIN O'TOOLE? DON'T YOU REALIZE YOU'RE A BAD INFLUENCE ON THE OTHER WORKERS? WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO **GROW UP** AND TAKE YOUR POSITION IN LIFE **SERIOUSLY**? ...ANSWER ME!

WELL, I  
...ER...  
⇒URP!⇒

BUBBLE GUM HE BLOWS! A JUVENILE DELINQUENT, YET!



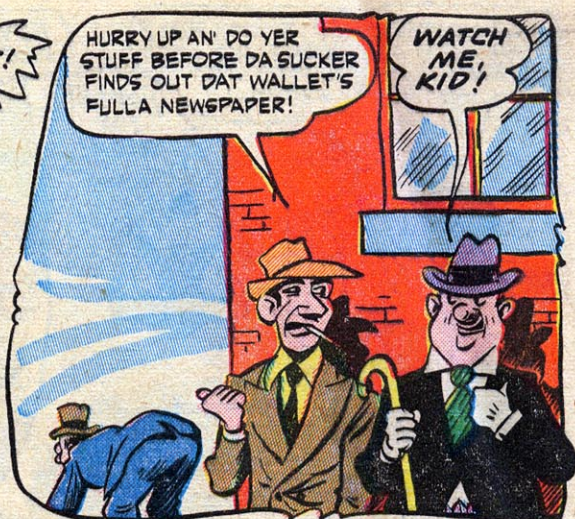
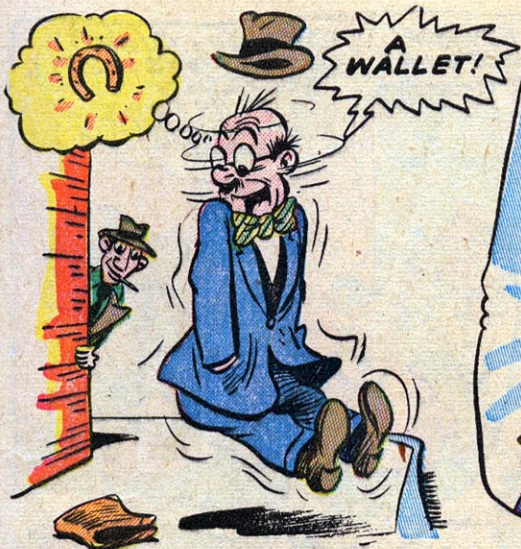
GET OUT...  
YOU'RE FIRED!



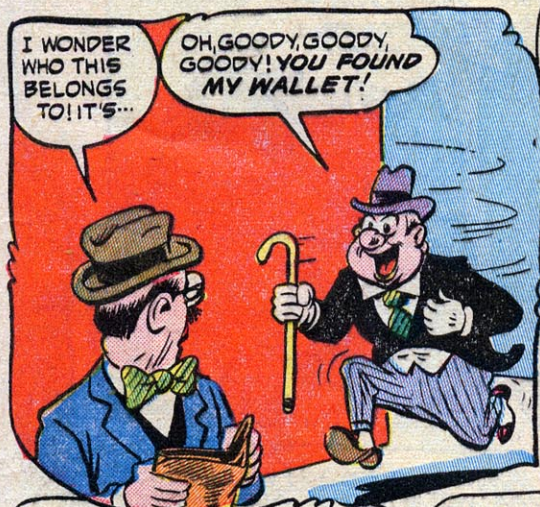
LADY LUCK

HARD LUCK, THAT IS!





WATCH ME, KID!



\$10,000, MY GOOD MAN... AND BEFORE THE AFTERNOON HAS PASSED IT'LL BE TEN MILLION!

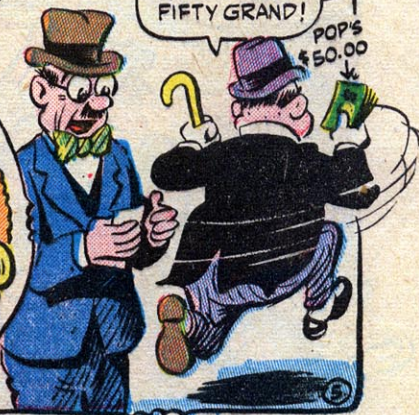
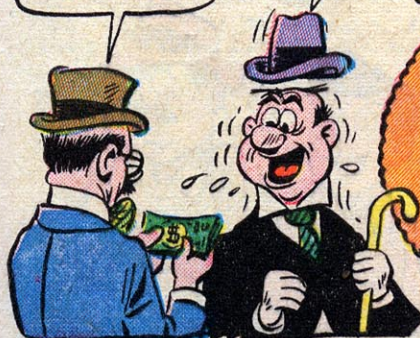


\$5000!  
\$\$\$--  
GIMME!

I MEAN... ER... AS A REWARD FOR FINDING MY WALLET, I'M GOING TO INCLUDE YOUR FIFTY IN MY DEAL!... HOW DOES THAT SOUND TO YOU?

WELL... GEE  
... I... ER...  
AH...

DON'T BOTHER THANKING ME! THERE'S MY CARD... I'LL SEE YOU LATER WITH YOUR FIFTY GRAND!



POPS \$50.00





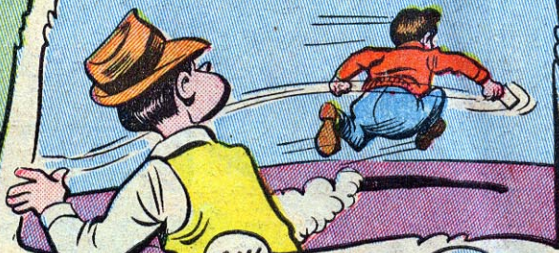


YOU  
M-MEAN...?

YEAH! THAT GUY WUZ  
**SOPHONY**...THE GUY  
THAT'S GONNA MAKE  
YER POP RICH!

HEY,COOKIE...  
**WAIT UP!** WHERE  
YA GOIN' WITH  
THE CARD?

**HOME!** I GOT A FEELIN' POP  
OUGHTA KNOW ABOUT THIS  
BEFORE HE STARTS  
SQUANDERIN' THE  
FORTUNE HE WON'T  
GET!



IN THE MEANTIME...AT HOME...

POP,MR. WITHERSPOON'S  
ON THE PHONE! HE WANTS  
TO APOLOGIZE FOR  
FIRING YOU, AND  
WANTS YOU TO...

\$ \$ \$  
**\$50,000**  
\$ \$

-- TELL HIM  
**PHOOEY!**  
... I'VE  
**RETIRED!**



HEY,  
POP!



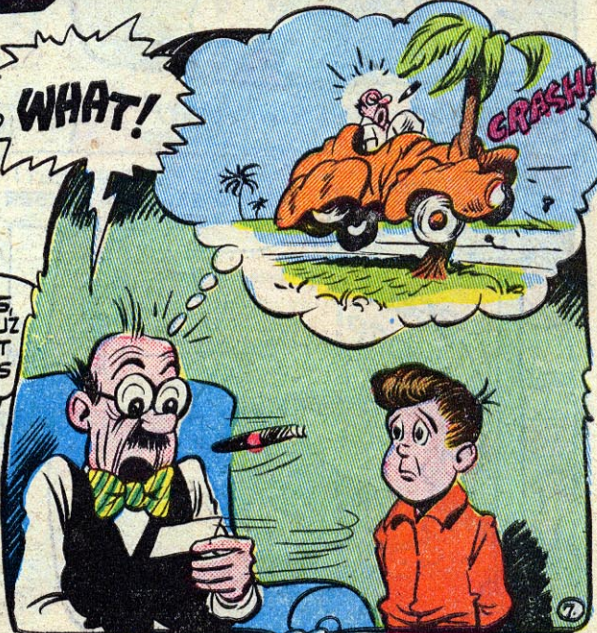
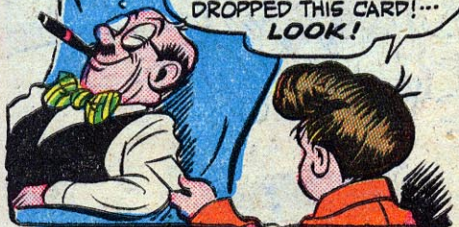
AH!

PALM BEACH

**WHAT!**

YES,  
COOKIE?

I HATE TO TELL YOU THIS,  
POP, BUT THAT GUY WHO WUZ  
GONNA MAKE YA RICH IS JUST  
A **CROOK**! WHEN THE COPS  
WERE TAKIN' HIM AWAY, HE  
DROPPED THIS CARD!...  
**LOOK!**



**CRASH!**



NO! NO! THERE  
MUST BE SOME  
MISTAKE!

WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOUR  
FATHER? DID HE FIND OUT  
THAT THERE WASN'T ANY  
SANTA CLAUS?

THAT'S RIGHT, MOM...  
WE'RE POOR AGAIN!  
SO WOT? POP'S  
GOT A GOOD JOB...  
AN'...

THAT'S JUST IT, COOKIE  
---HE *HASN'T* A JOB!  
MR. WITHERSPOON  
FIRED HIM THIS  
MORNING! I DON'T  
KNOW WHAT WE'LL  
DO!

JEEPS! NO JOB  
MEANS NO DOUGH...  
NO DOUGH MEANS NO  
ALLOWANCE...NO  
ALLOWANCE MEANS  
NO DATES...NO DATES  
MEANS NO GIRL...

PHOOEY!

JEEPERS!

WHERE ARE YOU  
GOING, SON?

OUT TO GET  
A JOB, OF  
COURSE!

THERE'S 443...441... 439  
...437...435...

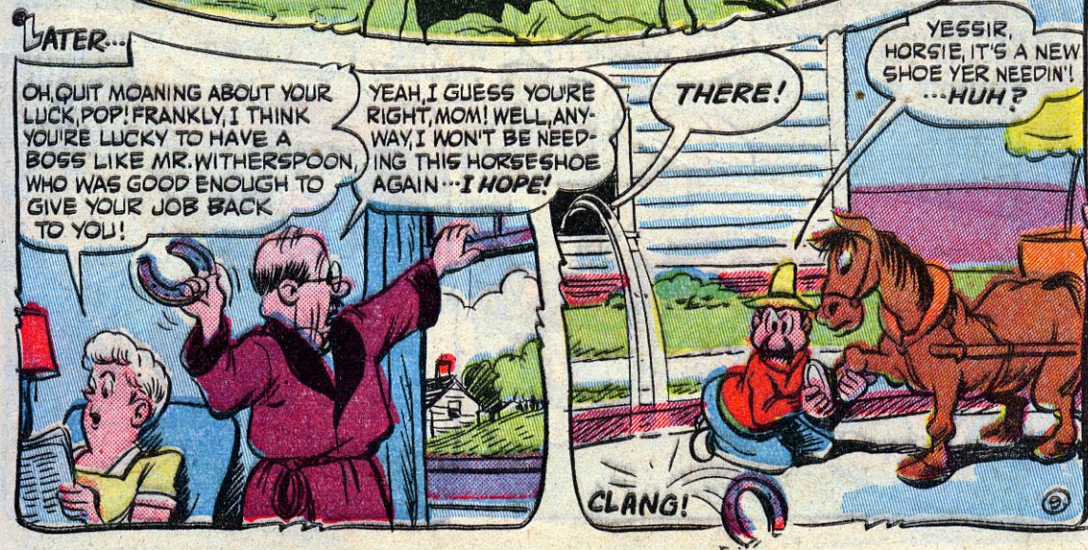
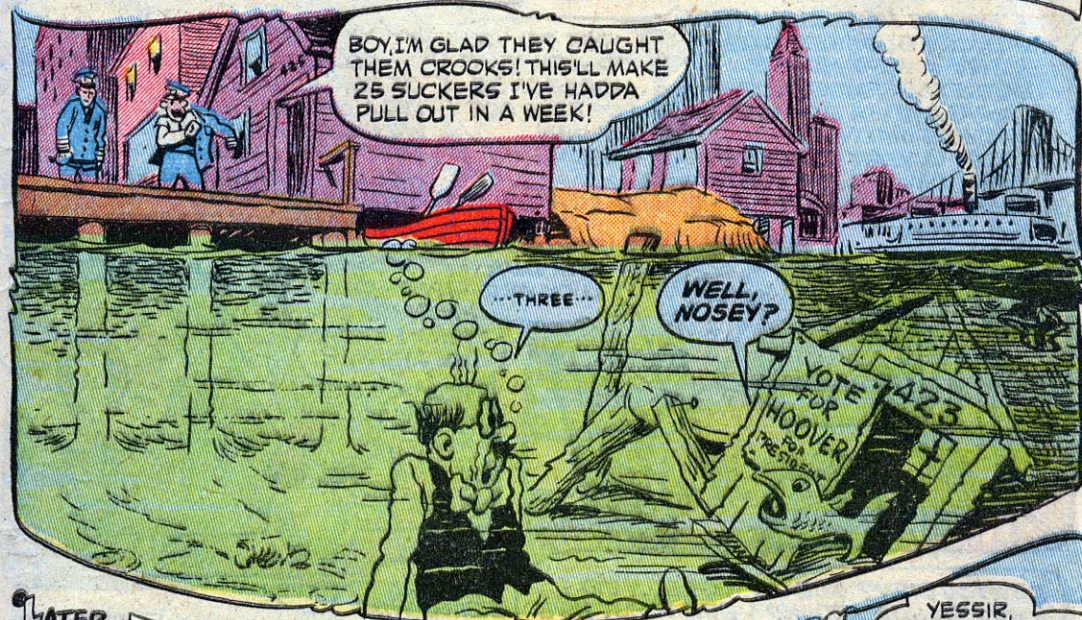
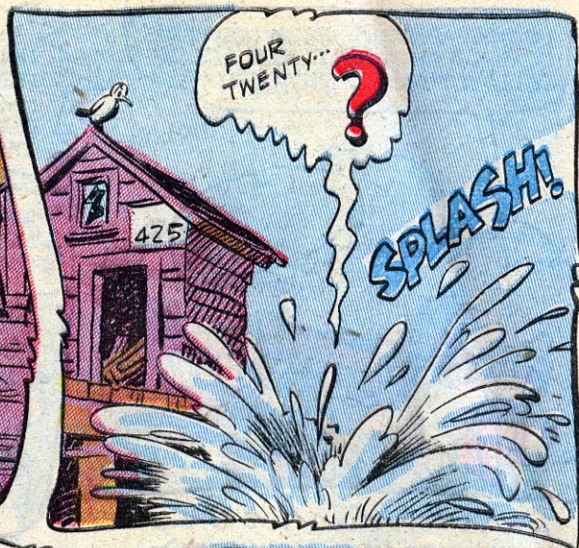
MEANWHILE...WHAT'S WITH POP?

RIVER ST.

BEEP!  
BEEP!

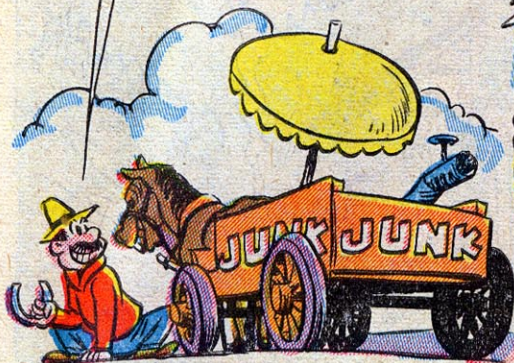
THIS IS RIVER STREET!  
LET'S SEE, THAT NUMBER  
WAS 423...







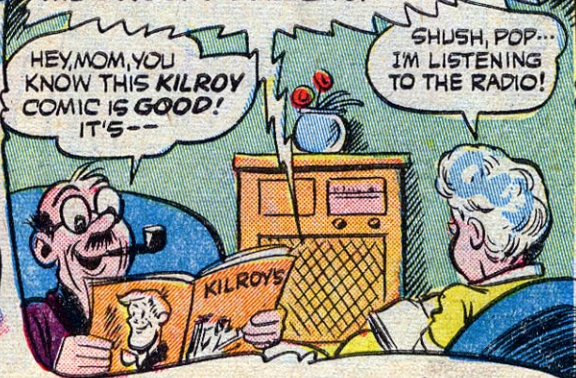
LOOK, SEABISCUIT... FROM NOWHERE COMES A SHOE! OLD MAN ADLER COULDN'T DO NO BETTER!



...BY NOW, WE KNOW WHO MISS HUSH WAS... WE KNOW WHO MRS. HUSH WAS... WE KNOW WHO THE WALKING MAN WAS... BUT AFTER 66 WEEKS OF OUR NEW CONTEST, NO ONE HAS GUESSED WHO THE DROOPY DAME IS!

HEY, MOM, YOU KNOW THIS KILROY COMIC IS GOOD! IT'S--

SHUSH, POP... I'M LISTENING TO THE RADIO!



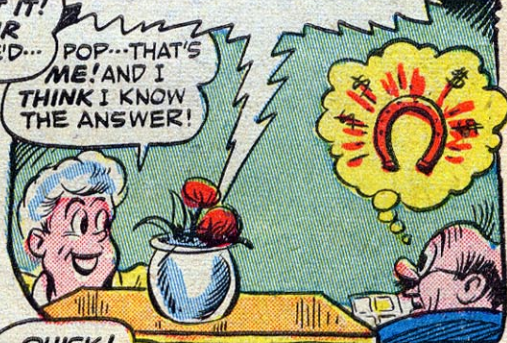
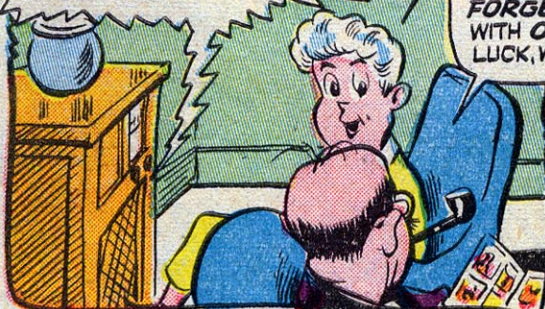
THE PRIZES HAVE MOUNTED! THE LUCKY GUESSER WILL RECEIVE A NEW HOUSE, COMPLETELY FURNISHED... AN AIRPLANE... A NEW CAR... WASHING MACHINE... \$10,000... A YEAR'S VACATION IN PATAGONIA... A FUR COAT... A SOLID GOLD WATCH... A COCA COLA...

WHAT DID YOU DO WITH THAT HORSESHOE, POP? I'VE GOT A FUNNY FEELING...

I THREW IT... AW, MOM, FORGET IT! WITH OUR LUCK, WE'D...

...SO TODAY, WE RING THE PHONE OF OUR FIRST CONTESTANT! WILL SHE BE THE LUCKY ONE? WILL SHE GUESS WHO THE DROOPY DAME IS?... HELLO, OPERATOR! GET ME MRS. HORACE O'TOOLE, OF 1183 HAMMOCK TERRACE!

POP... THAT'S ME! AND I THINK I KNOW THE ANSWER!

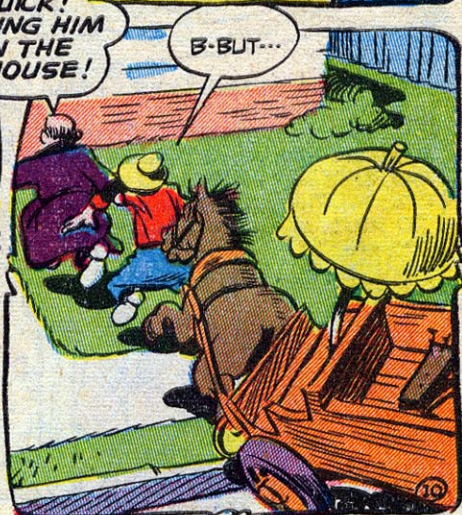
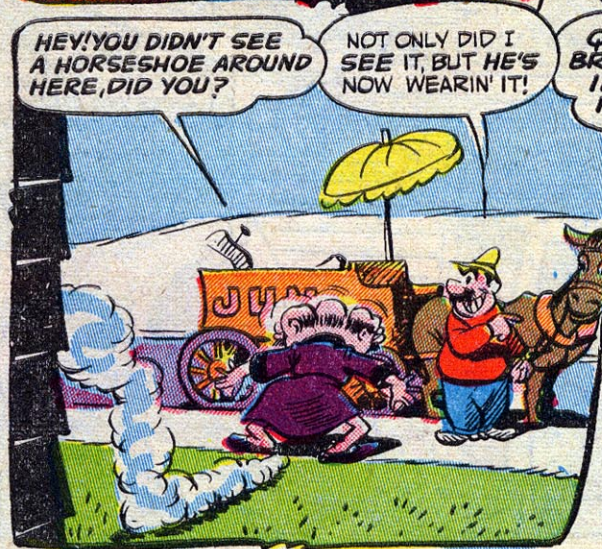


HEY! YOU DIDN'T SEE A HORSESHOE AROUND HERE, DID YOU?

NOT ONLY DID I SEE IT, BUT HE'S NOW WEARIN' IT!

QUICK! BRING HIM IN THE HOUSE!

B-BUT...





WELL, MRS. O'TOOLE...  
WHO DO YOU THINK  
THE DROOPY  
DAME IS?

ER... COULD  
IT BE... SADIE  
SLUMPUDDLE?

HOORAY!  
THE HORSESHOE  
DID IT!

SADIE  
SLUMPUDDLE  
IS RIGHT!  
YOU WIN, MRS.  
O'TOOLE!

MISTER, WOULD YOU  
TELL YOUR HORSE  
I'VE SIMPLY GOTTA  
HAVE THAT HORSE-  
SHOE BACK?

BUT SEABISCUIT...  
HE NEEDS IT!  
I... WE...

LOOK, YOU GIVE ME BACK  
MY HORSESHOE AND YOU  
CAN HAVE ANYTHING IN  
THE HOUSE... THE HOUSE  
TOO! WE'RE GETTING A  
NEW ONE ANYWAY!

WELL, NOW, THAT'S  
DIFFERENT!...  
GIVE POPPSIE  
YOUR TOOTSIE,  
HORSE!

GIDDAP, SEABISCUIT!

I HOPE YOU  
WEREN'T TOO  
HASTY,  
POP!

NONSENSE... WITH THIS  
HORSESHOE I CAN'T  
GO WRONG! LOOK...  
HERE THEY COME  
WITH THE STUFF  
YOU WON NOW!



HERE WE ARE,  
MRS. O'TOOLE  
...YOU LUCKY  
GIRL, YOU!

HI, MOM!  
HI, POP!

COOKIE!  
WHAT ARE YOU  
DOING ON THAT  
TRUCK?

WHY, I JUST GOT ME A JOB  
WORKIN' FOR THE RADIO  
STATION THAT SENT  
THIS STUFF!

WELL, NOW!  
CONGRATULATIONS,  
SON!

?

DON'T BOTHER  
UNLOADING THE  
STUFF, BOYS! TAKE  
EVERYTHING BACK!

HEY, YOU...  
WAIT A MINUTE!  
WHAT'S THE  
IDEA?

HE'S YOUR  
SON, ISN'T  
HE?

WHY, YES... OF  
COURSE! BUT  
WHAT'S THAT  
GOT TO DO  
WITH IT?



JUST **THIS!** THE RULES OF THE CONTEST DISTINCTLY STATED THAT IT WAS OPEN TO EVERYONE BUT EMPLOYEES OF THE RADIO STATION OR THEIR RELATIVES! SORRY, MR. O'TOOLE!

YEAH...I'M SORRY HE'S MY SON, TOO!

WELL...ER...I BETTER GET BACK TO WORK!

**JUST A MINUTE, MY AMBITIOUS BOY!**

WE'VE STILL GOT THE **WOODSHED** LEFT!...HERE, HOLD THIS! YOU'RE GOING TO **NEED** IT!

AW, POP!

OKAY, KID... LET'S GO!

Y'KNOW, JOE, A HORSESHOE CAN BE LUCKY FOR SOME PEOPLE **AFTER** ALL!... THAT IS, IF YOU **KNOW** HOW TO USE IT!





# TIME ON HIS HANDS

JITTERBUCK JONES looked at his wristwatch and yawned. "Only one o'clock," he muttered. I've still got a whole hour before meetin' the gang at the Soda Jerkerie . . . and nuthin' special ta do!"

He rose, stretched lazily and walked to the porch railing. "What was it Miss Bibblesnicker was sayin' in class yesterday?" he asked himself. "Oh, yeah. 'Never put off till tomorra what'cha kin do today!' Say, maybe I oughta try that! Wonder how much a guy kin accomplish in one hour?"

With Jit, to think was to act. Vaulting down to the lawn, he seized the rake and began sweeping all the dead leaves into one neat stack. "I'll burn 'em and get the lawn ship-shape!" he planned. "Bet pop'll be so surprised, he raises my allowance!"

Jit struck a match and held it to the pile of dry leaves. At first, there was a crackling sound and then a wisp of smoke curled up. And then . . . flames! Red-hot and menacing, the fire shot up in a single blaze that seemed to be heading towards . . . the house!

"Oh, *no!*" Jit cried. "The wind's not blowin' right! We'll be burned out! Ruined! Homeless! I gotta *do* sump'n . . . *quick!*"

Fortunately, the garden hose lay nearby, still attached to the water spout. Jit grabbed the nozzle and turned the water on, full force. With a Niagara-like roar, the water shot out of the hose, dousing the fire completely. The hose writhed and twisted in Jit's grasp.

"Quit wrigglin'!" he shouted, as the length of hose leaped into the air, spun around and aimed its jet of water at the front walk. And, at that very moment, coming up the front walk . . . was Jit's pop!

Rivers dented Mr. Jones' hat! Streams poured down over his shirt and suit. Trickles spilled merrily down his neck and into his shoes. "You young whippersnapper, what are you up to?" choked Mr. Jones, waving a drenched fist.

Jit was horrified. "Dad!" he yelled, running towards his soggy father. "Let me help you!"

"Aaaah!" Mr. Jones' voice rose to a scream. "You've helped me *enough!* You've scorched the house, ruined the lawn, broken the hose, drenched me thoroughly and you are now . . . trampling . . . my . . . prize . . . tomatoes! Get into the house!"

Jit surveyed the damage ruefully, walked into the house and dialled Cookie's number.

"This you, Cook?" he asked. "I just called to tell ya I won't be able ta meet the gang at the Soda Jerkerie."

Cookie's voice came over faintly. "Why not, Jit?"

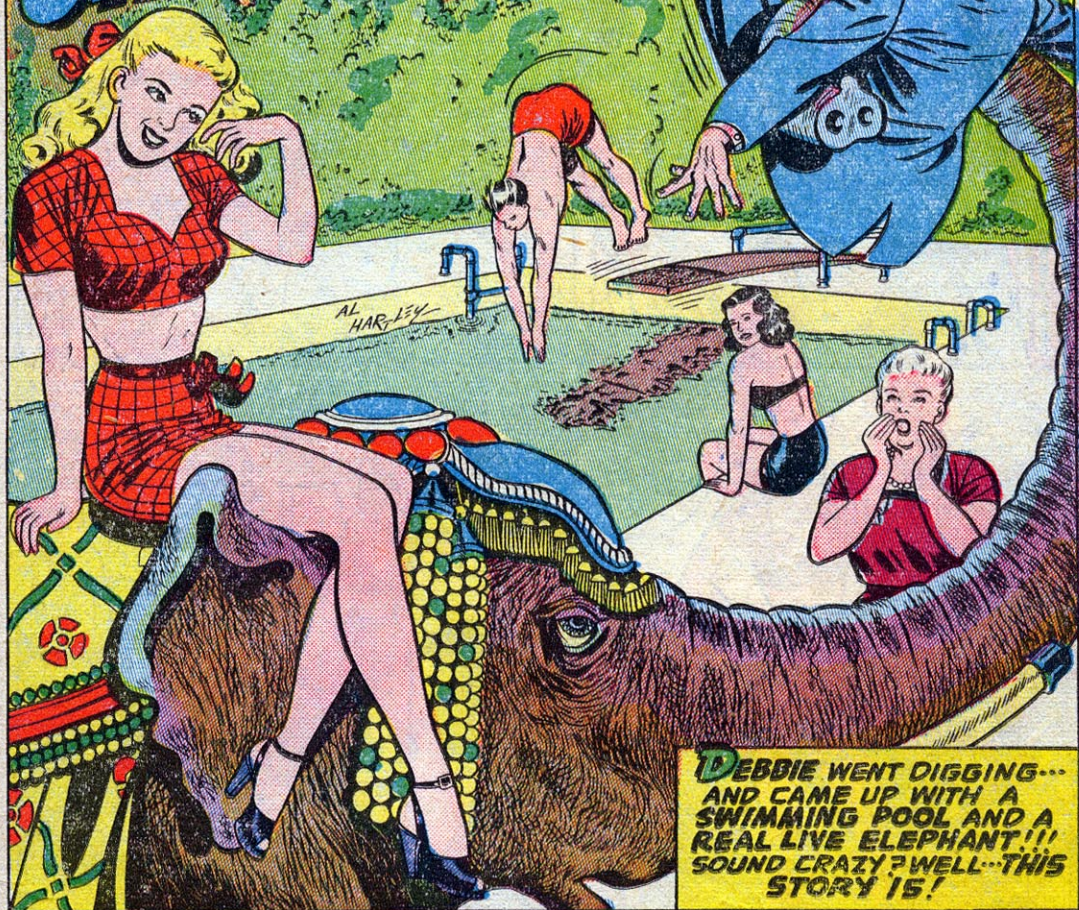
"I . . . er . . . well, I've got an appointment with my pop, sort of."

"You *certainly* have!" snapped Mr. Jones, brandishing a hairbrush. "I always say never put off till tomorrow what you can do today!"

Jitterbuck Jones walked sadly towards his dad. "Where've I heard *that* before?" he asked mournfully.



# The GIRL FRIEND



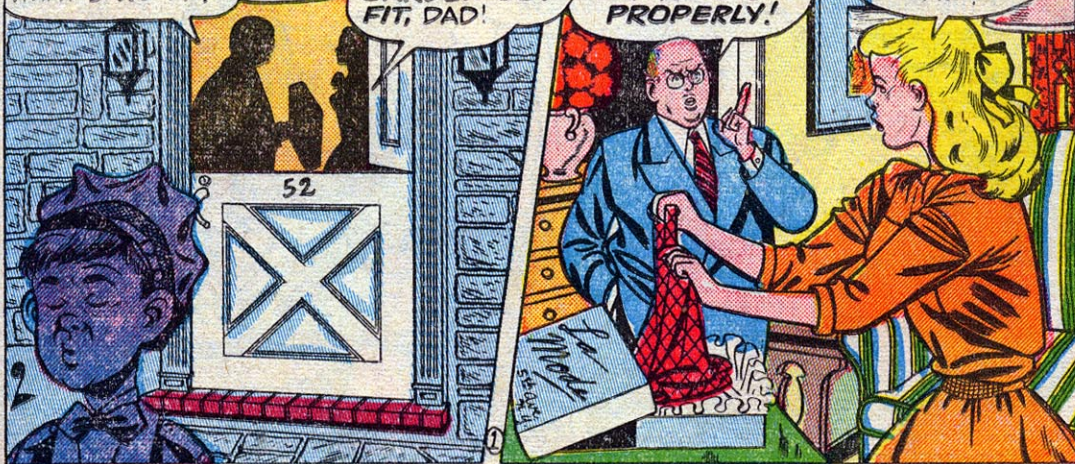
DEBBIE WENT DIGGING...  
AND CAME UP WITH A  
SWIMMING POOL AND A  
REAL LIVE ELEPHANT!!  
SOUND CRAZY? WELL...THIS  
STORY IS!

DEBBIE, THIS PACKAGE  
JUST COST ME 15 BUCKS!  
WHAT'S IN IT?

OH, THAT'S  
AN ADORABLE  
GARDEN OUT-  
FIT, DAD!

WELL, YOUNG LADY,  
I WANT YOU TO SEE  
THAT YOU USE IT  
PROPERLY!

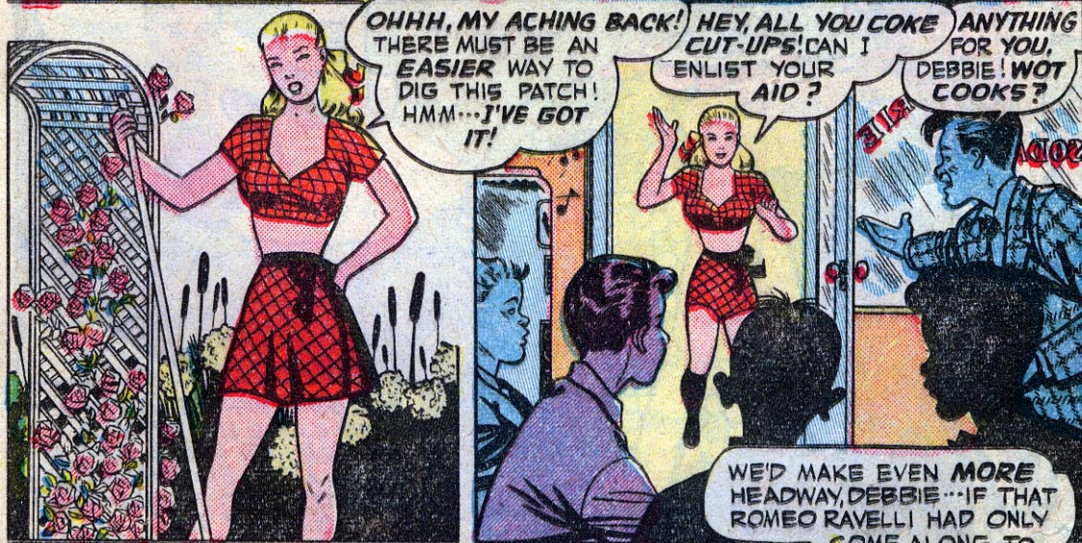
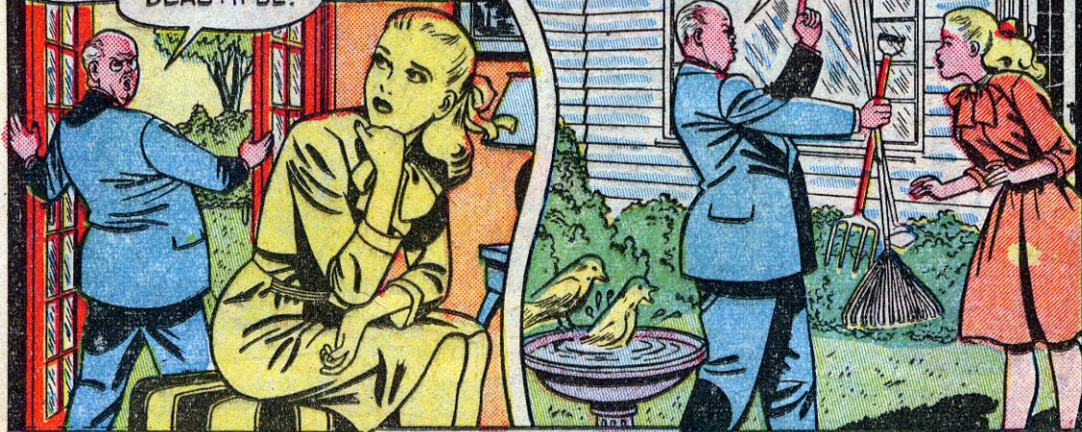
WHY, WHAT DO  
YOU MEAN,  
DAD?





I MEAN YOU'RE GOING TO GET BUSY IN THE BACK YARD **RIGHT NOW!** IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU DID SOMETHING AROUND THIS HOUSE ... BESIDES LOOK BEAUTIFUL!

HERE ARE THE GARDEN TOOLS! WHEN I COME HOME TONIGHT, I WANT TO SEE A NICE VEGETABLE PLOT DUG UP!

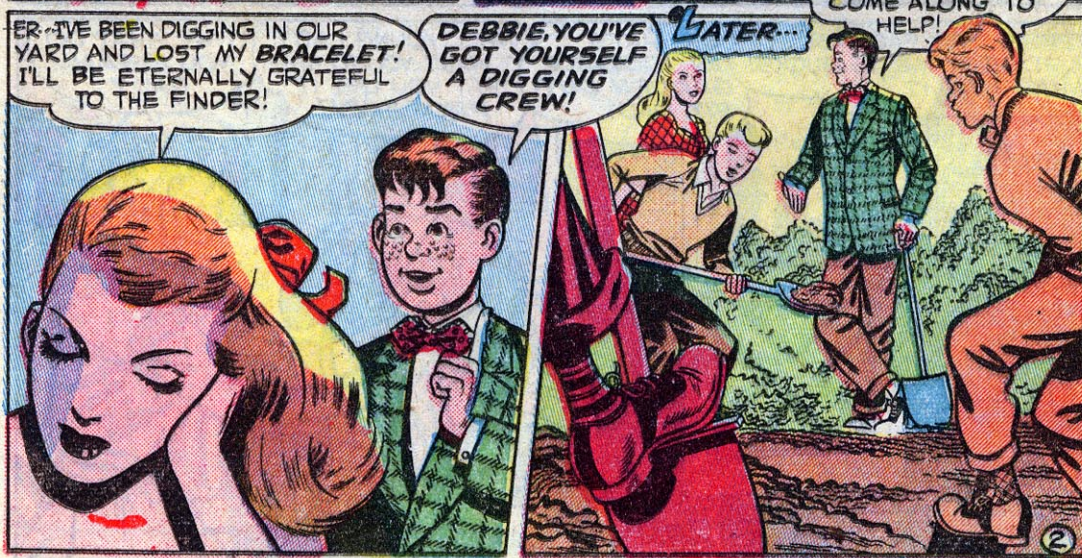


OH HH, MY ACHING BACK! THERE MUST BE AN EASIER WAY TO DIG THIS PATCH! HMM... I'VE GOT IT!

HEY, ALL YOU COKE CUT-UPS! CAN I ENLIST YOUR AID?

ANYTHING FOR YOU, DEBBIE! WOT COOKS?

WE'D MAKE EVEN MORE HEADWAY, DEBBIE... IF THAT ROMEO RAVELLI HAD ONLY COME ALONG TO HELP!



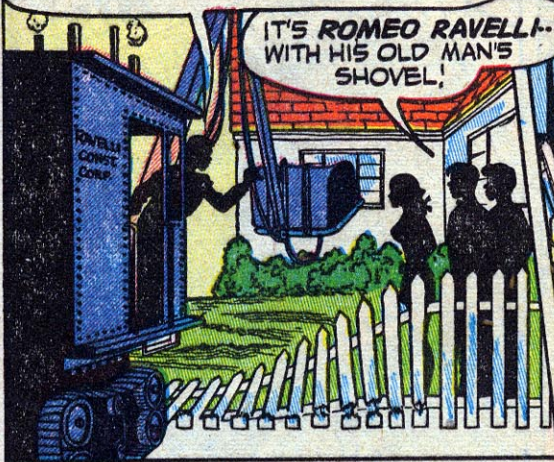
ER... I'VE BEEN DIGGING IN OUR YARD AND LOST MY BRACELET! I'LL BE ETERNALLY GRATEFUL TO THE FINDER!

DEBBIE, YOU'VE GOT YOURSELF A DIGGING CREW!

LATER...

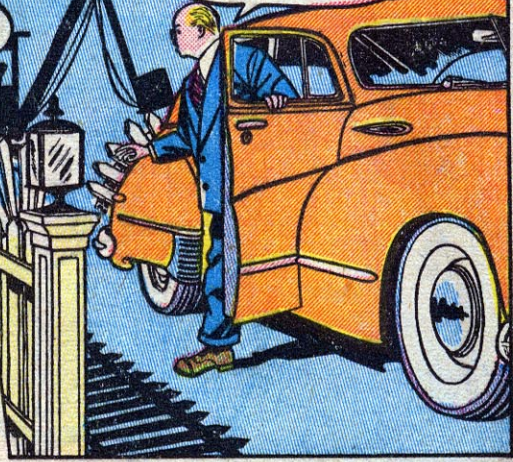


STAND BACK, YOU PRIMITIVE PEASANTS  
WHILST I MAKE WITH THIS HANDY-  
DANDY 20TH CENTURY GIMMICK.

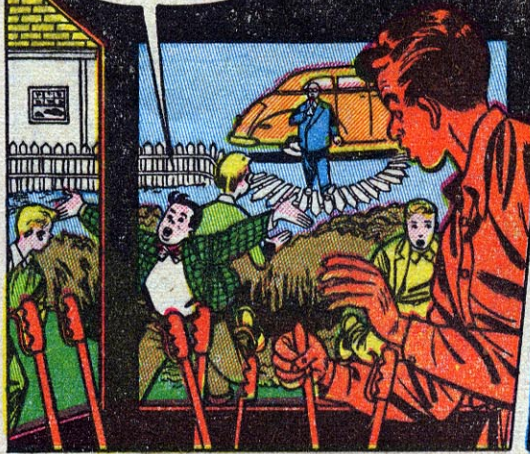


IT'S ROMEO RAVELLI...  
WITH HIS OLD MAN'S  
SHOVEL!

GREAT SCOTT! WHAT'S  
GOING ON IN MY  
BACK YARD?



CHEEZIT, GANG!  
IT'S DEBBIE'S  
POP!



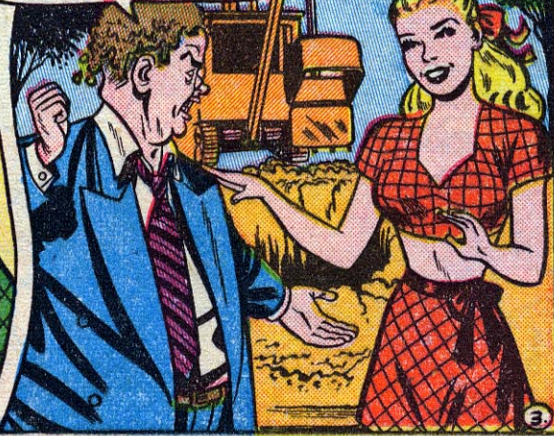
SPLUTTER! SPLURT!  
GLUB! FOP!

PLEASE DON'T GET  
EXCITED, DAD! THE  
BOYS WERE JUST  
TRYING TO BE HELP-  
FUL!

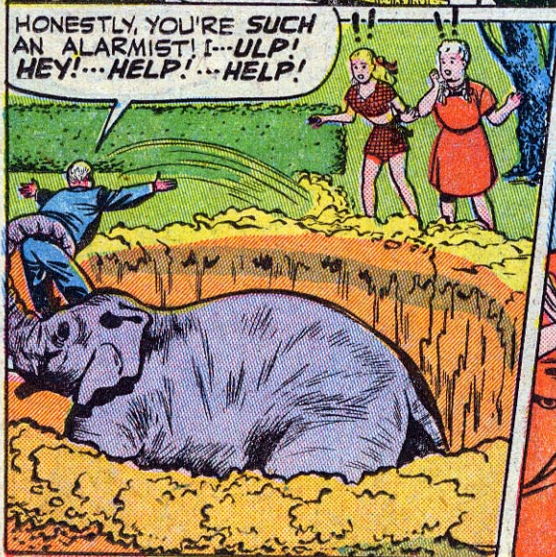
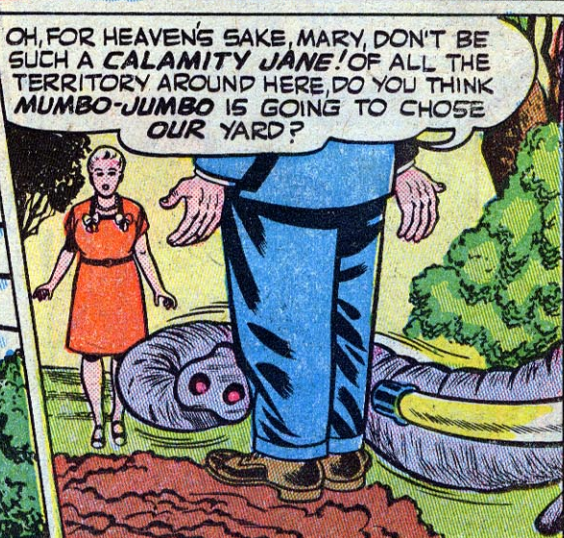
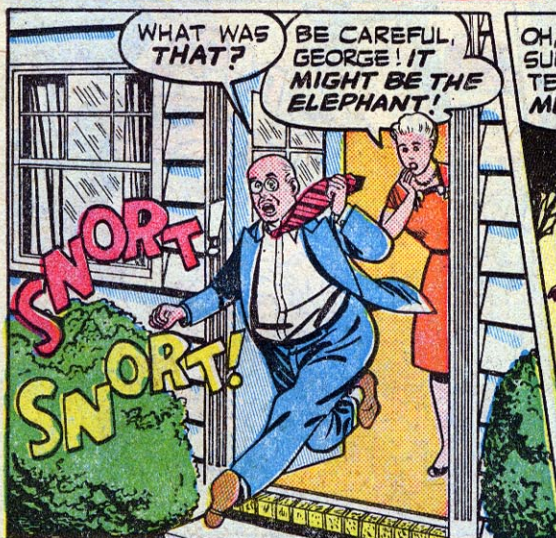
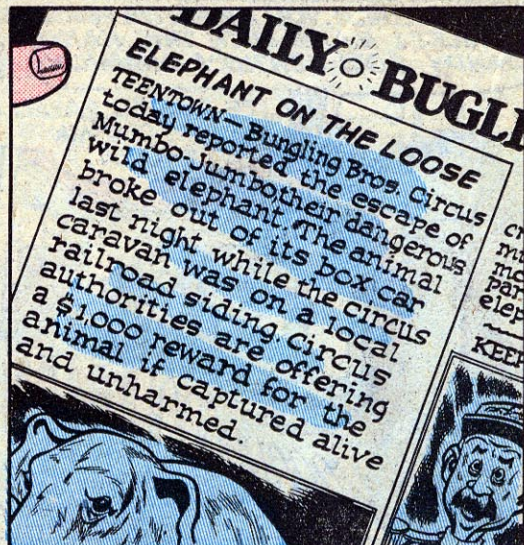


I ASKED FOR A VEGETABLE  
GARDEN...AND LOOK WHAT  
I GET! AN EXCAVATION  
FOR A SKY-SCRAPER!

I'LL FIX IT UP,  
DAD! DON'T  
WORRY!









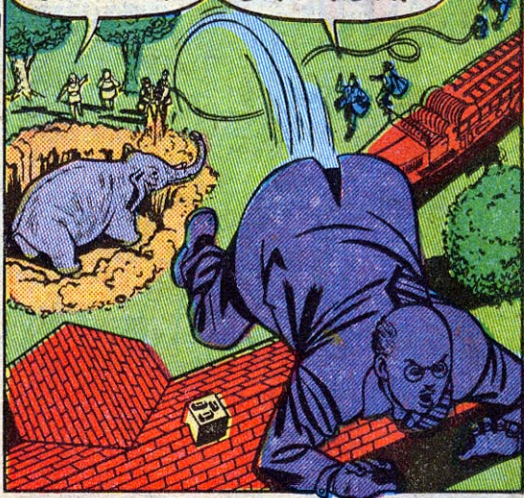
JUST RELAX AND ENJOY YOURSELF, GEORGE! THE FIRE DEPARTMENT WILL HAVE YOU DOWN IN A JIFFY!

OKAY, BOYS, PLAY THE HOSE ON HIM... MUMBO-JUMBO, THAT IS!



WHEE! LOOKIT DAD GO!

QUICK MEN, THE JUMP NET!!



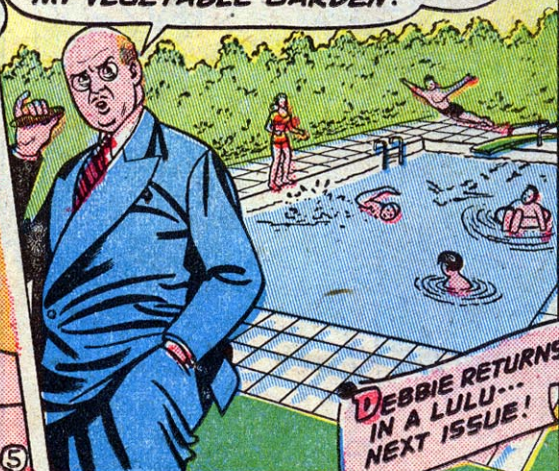
THE CIRCUS TRAINER JUST TOOK THE ELEPHANT AWAY, DAD!

AND THE BUSINESS AGENT LEFT THIS CHECK, GEORGE! THE \$1,000 REWARD FOR MUMBO-JUMBO!



SAY, DAD, AS LONG AS WE HAVE A HOLE OUT BACK, LET'S PUT THIS MONEY INTO IT AND BUILD A SWIMMING POOL!...WE'VE ALWAYS WANTED ONE!

HUMPH! DEBBIE GOT HER SWIMMING POOL, BUT I'M STILL WAITING FOR MY VEGETABLE GARDEN!

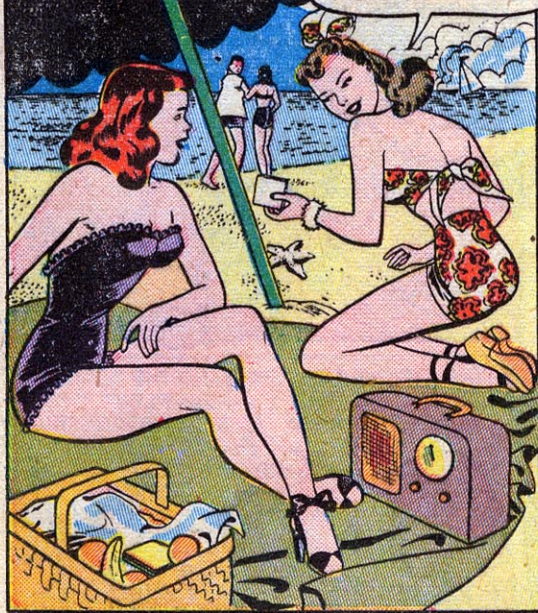


DEBBIE RETURNS IN A LULU... NEXT ISSUE!



# TEEN-TALES

IT'S DISGUSTING THE WAY HIS GIRL FOLLOWS HIS EVERY MOVE!...HE HAD AN AWFUL TIME SLIPPING ME THIS NOTE!

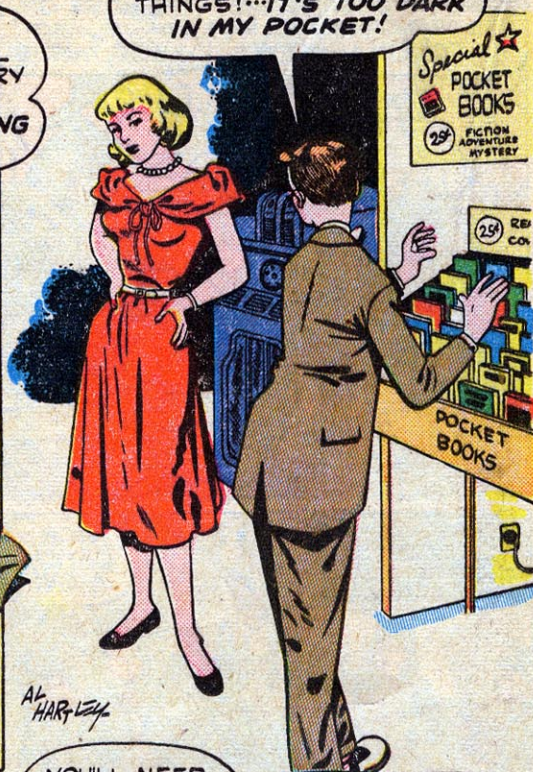


HOW CAN I GET FELLAS INTERESTED IN ME?

WELL, YOU'VE GOT TO USE A LITTLE COME-ON SENSE!



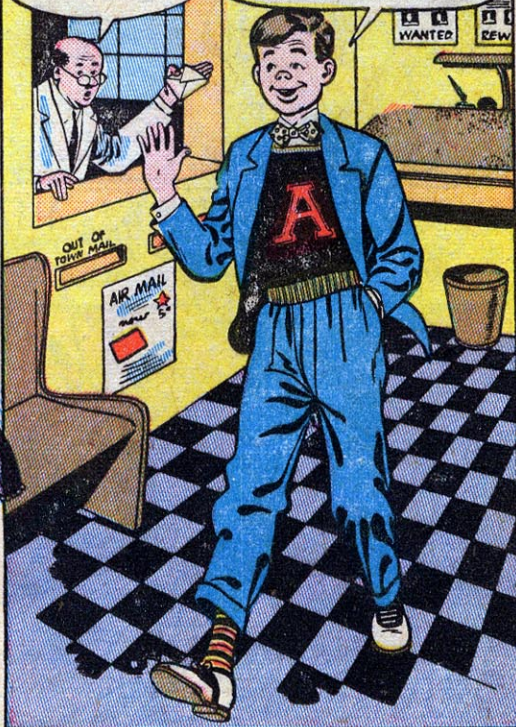
I CAN'T READ THESE THINGS!...IT'S TOO DARK IN MY POCKET!



AL HARTLEY

YOU'LL NEED ANOTHER STAMP... THIS LETTER IS TOO HEAVY!

DON'T BE SILLY! ...THAT WOULD ONLY MAKE IT HEAVIER!





# COOKIE

OH!

HOLD IT, COOKIE!  
WE JUST PASSED  
ANGELPUSS!

NO  
KIDDIN'?

BAKER

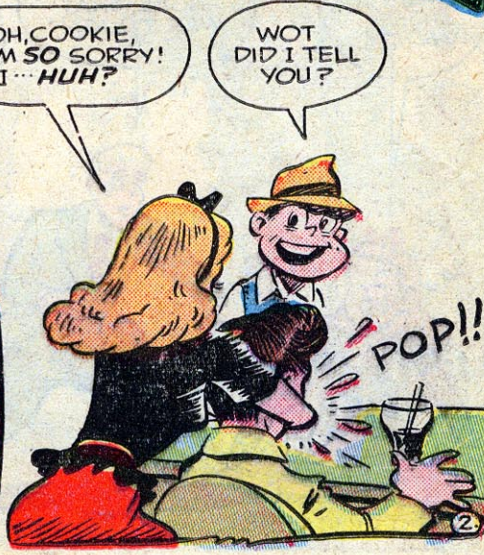
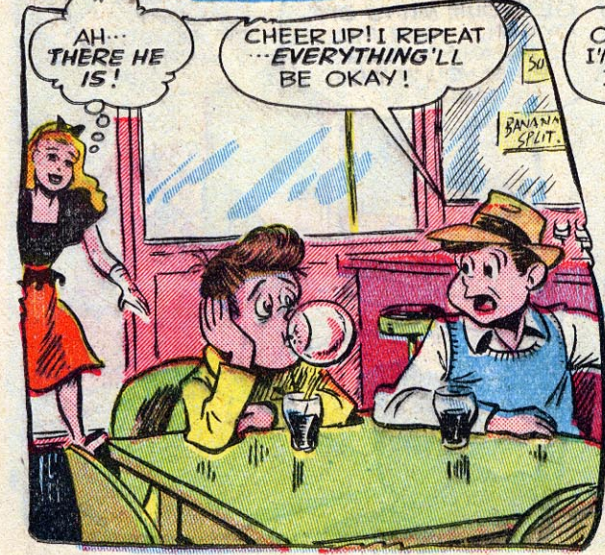
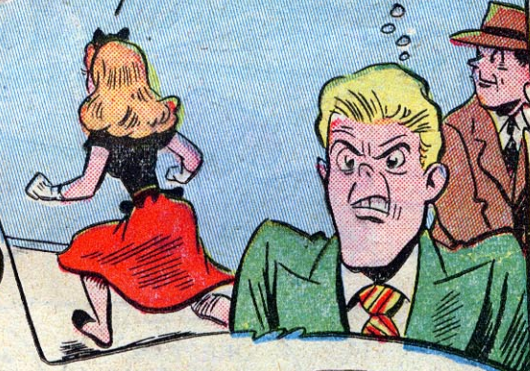
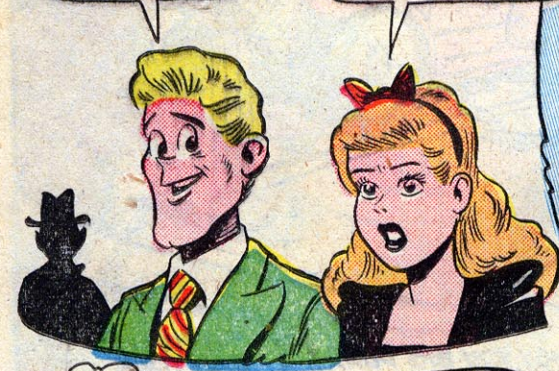
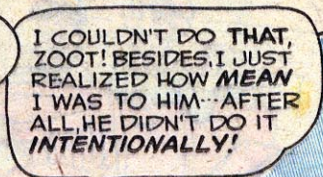
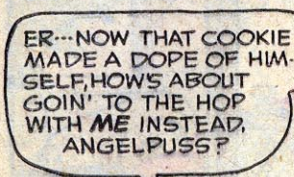
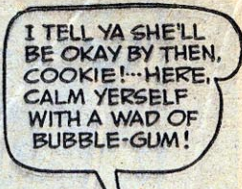
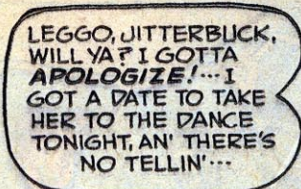
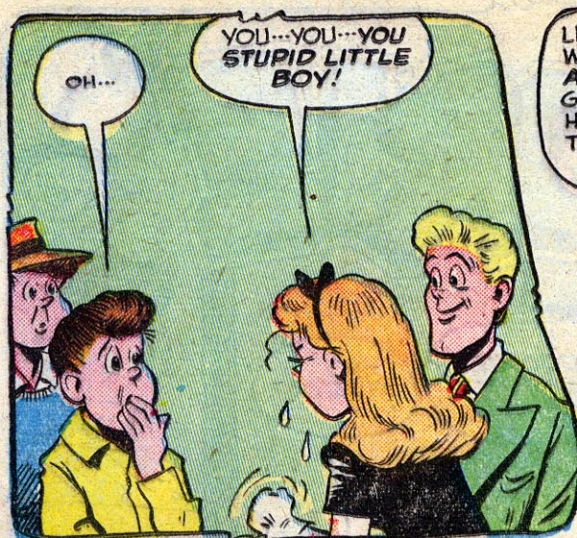
MY  
N-NEW  
DRESS!  
BOO-  
HOO!

JEEPERS,  
ANGEL,  
THAT  
WAS TOUGH!

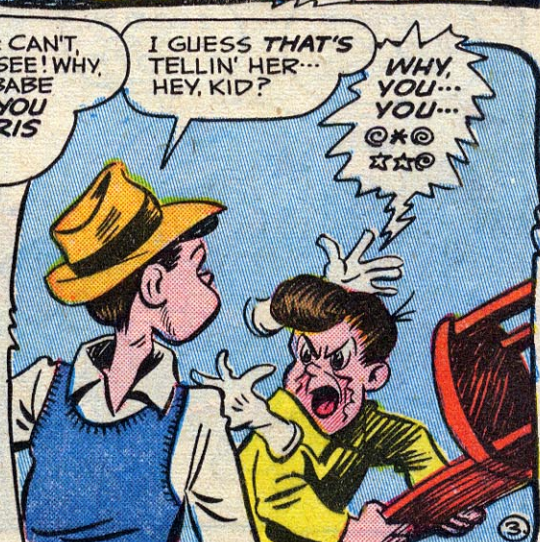
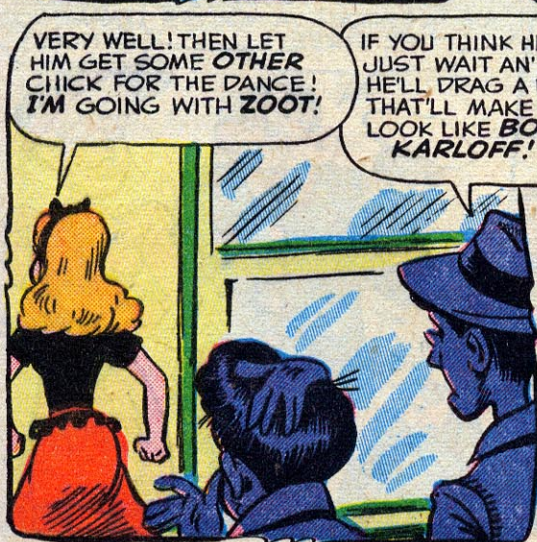
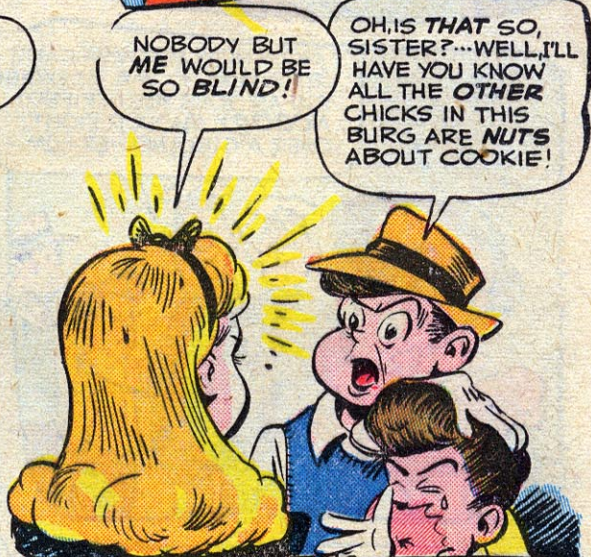
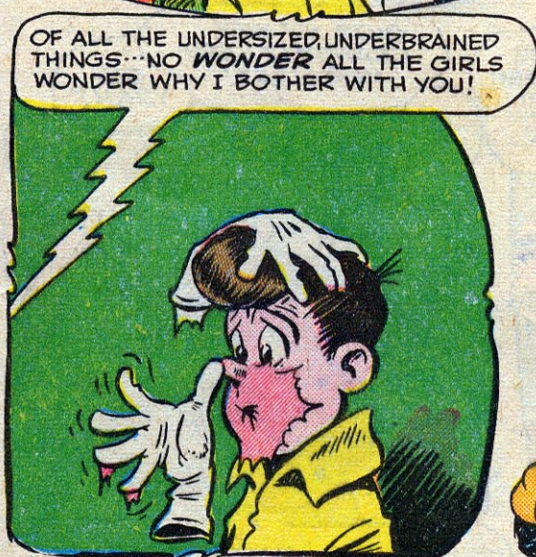
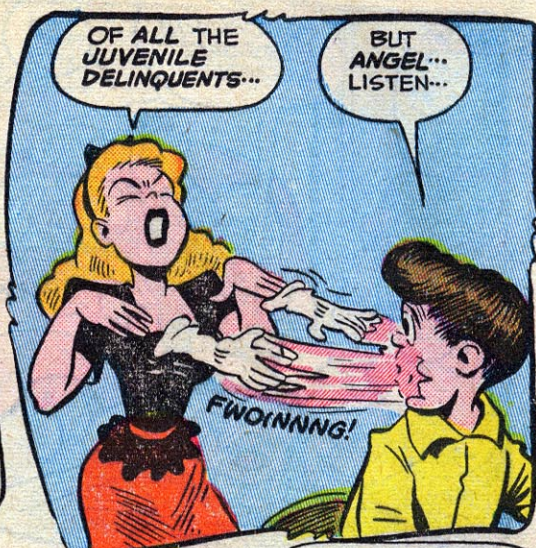
HEY, YOU BIG PUNK!  
GET YOUR MITTS OFF  
MY GIRL! - WHAT DID  
HE DO, ANGELPUSS  
PUSH YOU IN THE  
MUD?

ME? IT WUZ  
YOU! YOUR  
JALOPY  
SPLASHED  
HER!

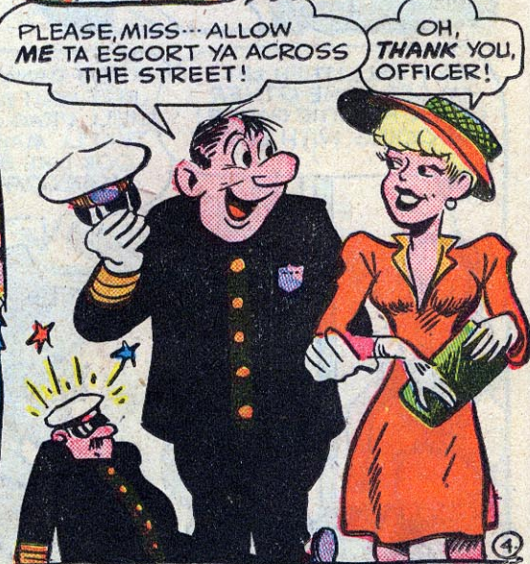
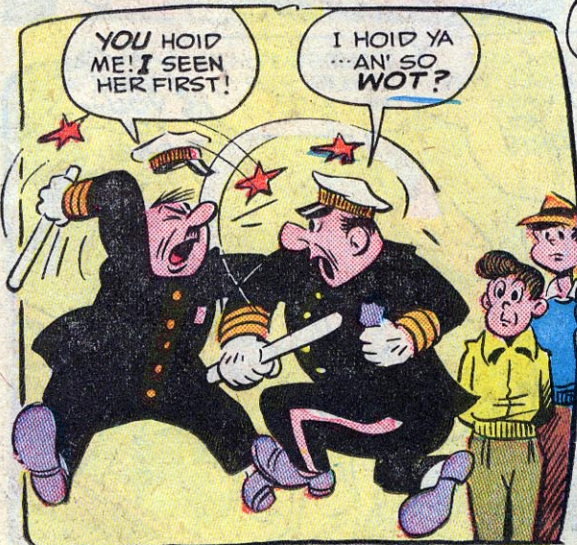
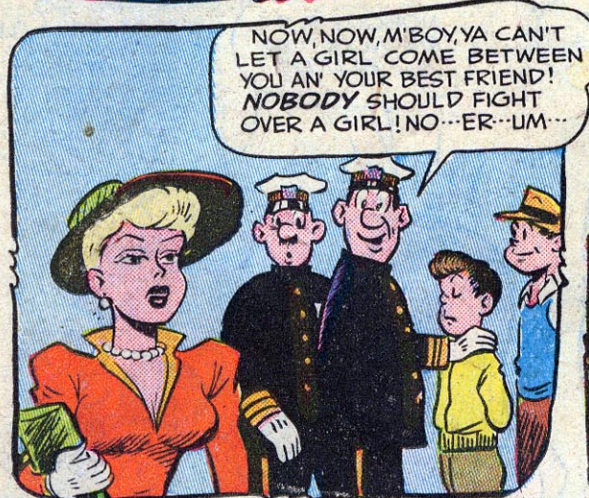
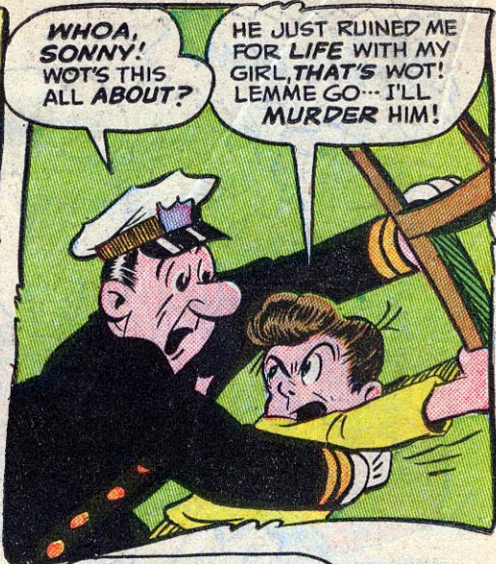














HMMM...WOT DID HE SAY ABOUT NOT FIGHTIN' OVER WIMMEN?

ER...YEAH...HA-HA! WELL...SEE YA LATER, COOKIE...ON THE STAG LINE AT THE DANCE!

NOT ME, YOU WON'T! STAG LINES MAY BE OKAY FOR YOU, BUT WHEN I GO TO A DANCE, I EITHER BRING A DAME OR I DON'T GO!

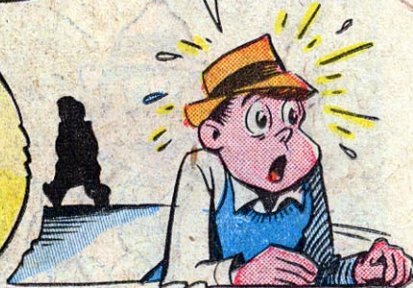
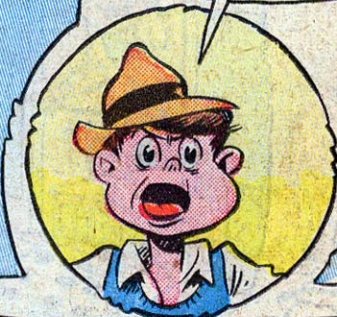
OKAY...OKAY! SO GET YERSELF ANOTHER CHICK!

NO SOAP! IT'S LIKE ANGELPUSS SAID... WHO ELSE WOULD HAVE ME?

OH, COOKIE-BOY...DON'T TALK LIKE THAT! I...

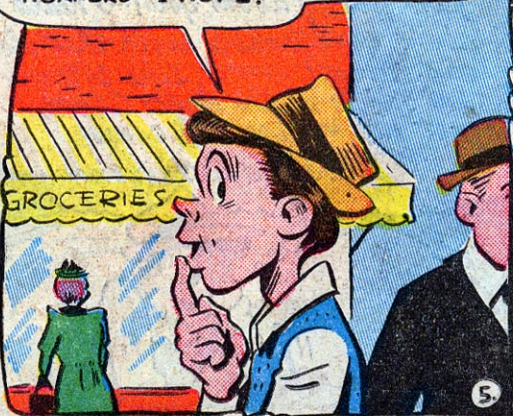
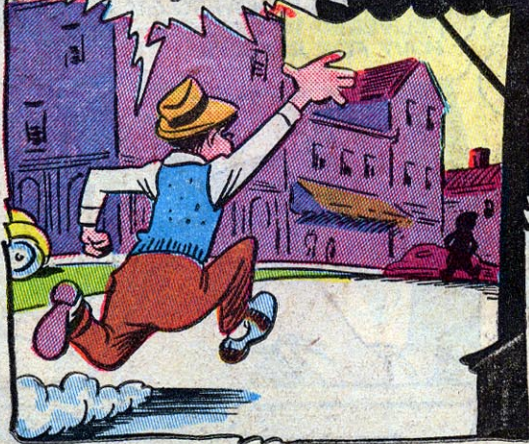
WOT'S THE MATTER WITH ME? WHY SHOULD I GET ALL WORKED UP OVER HIS LOVE LIFE? AN' IF HE WANTS TO BE SORE AT ME, LET HIM! WHO CARES?

HEY, WAIT...I'M **BROKE**! I WAS FIGURIN' ON BORROWIN' DOUGH FOR THE TICKET FROM **COOKIE**! HE'S MY LAST RESORT!



**YOO-HOO! COOKIE, BABY!** JITTY-BOY WANTS TO TALK TO YOU! **HEY, WAIT!** I...

NO, THAT WON'T DO...HE'S TOO SORE AT ME NOW! BUT I GOTTA GET **CASH**! ...I **KNOW**! I'LL DROP IN AT MY OL' MAN'S PLACE! HE'LL BE TOO EMBARRASSED TO REFUSE ME IN FRONT OF HIS FELLOW WORKERS...I **HOPE**!





AS USUAL,  
SONNY-BOY--  
THE ANSWER IS  
**NO!**

JEEPERS, THIS IS **AWFUL!** I JUST GOTTA GET TO THAT DANCE! I EVEN HAD MY **SUIT PRESSED!** IF IT WUZ'N'T FOR THIS MIXUP WITH ANGELPUSS, **COOKIE'D** LET ME HAVE THE DOUGH! OR EVEN IF HE HAD ANOTHER DAME TO TAKE...

ER...  
OKAY,  
POP!

HEY, WAIT! JUST SUPPOSIN' HE THOUGHT THERE WAS GONNA BE SOMEONE SPECIAL AT THE HOP--SOME DAME WHO WAS JUST **DROOLY** ABOUT HIM! IT'D DO WONDERS FOR HIS EGO...

...AN' ALSO FOR HIS **GENEROSITY** ... I HOPE!

OH, MR. KLUNK... CAN I BORROW A PIECE OF PAPER AN' A ENVELOPE, PLEASE?

*Darling Handsome Cookie:-*

*You don't know me, but I know you from the comics... and I'm just gooeey about you!... I heard about your trouble with that blonde, and thought you'd like to know that I'll be at the dance **Alone**... just hoping you'll come!*

*Love and xxxxxxxxxxxx*

LET'S SEE NOW... SHE NEEDS A ROMANTIC-TYPE NAME! UMMM... *Lailani Lovejoy*... THERE! THAT DOES IT! NOW TO GIT IT DELIVERED TO **COOKIE**... AND WAIT FOR RESULTS!



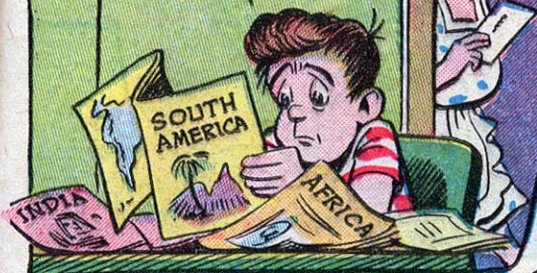
A LITTLE LATER...

YEAH, MOM?

THIS NOTE WAS JUST LEFT FOR YOU!

WHO'S IT FROM, SON?

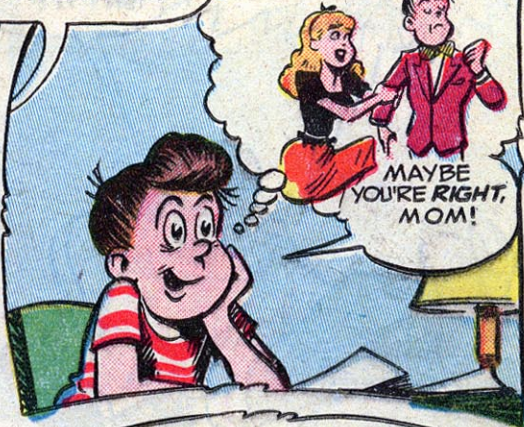
AW, SOME CRAZY DAME WHO THINKS I'M CUTE! SAYS SHE'LL BE WAITIN' FOR ME AT THE DANCE! ...HUH!



NOW, YOUNG MAN, THAT'S NO WAY TO TALK! IF SOME GIRL THINKS ENOUGH OF YOU TO TELL YOU SO, THEN IT'S YOUR DUTY TO BE NICE TO HER!

BESIDES, IT MIGHT BE JUST AS WELL IF ANGELPUSS WERE TO SEE YOU WITH ANOTHER GIRL!

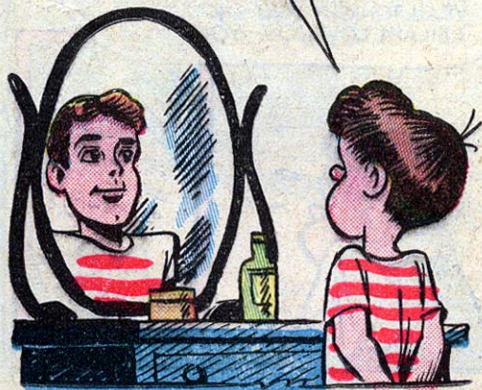
OH, COOKIE! PLEASE DON'T LEAVE ME! I'M SORRY...



AFTER ALL, WHAT'S ONE DAME'S OPINION? ANGELPUSS HAS GIVEN ME AN INFERIORITY COMPLEX! WHO KNOWS, MAYBE IT'S LIKE THIS NEW GIRL SAYS...MAYBE I AM HANDSOME!

...AND I DO THINK, SON, IT WOULD BE NICER IF YOU WERE TO ESCORT HER TO THE DANCE, RATHER THAN HAVE HER GO ALONE!

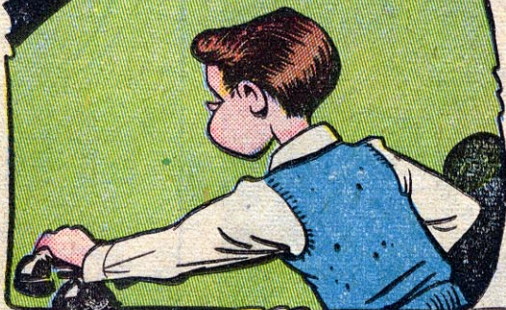
I ALREADY THOUGHT OF THAT, MOM... I'LL CALL HER! UMMM... LET'S SEE... LOVEJOY, L...





**IN THE MEANTIME...**

WELL, IF THAT NOTE WUZ GONNA HAVE ANY EFFECT ON COOKIE, IT SHOULD BE HAPPENIN' BY NOW! I'LL CALL AN' SEE IF HE'S RECEPTIVE TO A **TOUCH!**



**HI, COOKIE!** I'M SORRY ABOUT WOT HAPPENED BEFORE, AN' I WUZ WONDERIN' IF YOU... **HUH?**

I SAID I GOT A **GIRL FOR THE HOP!** SOME CHICK WRITES ME A NOTE... SEZ SHE'LL MEET ME THERE... I CALL HER TO SAY I'LL CALL FOR HER INSTEAD... AN' WOT D'YA THINK?



I THINK SOMEBODY'S **CRAZY... THERE AIN'T NO SUCH DAME!**... ER... I MEAN, IT'S **IMPOSSIBLE!** I MEAN... **WOT HAPPENED?**

WELL, SHE DOESN'T **REMEMBER** WRITIN' A NOTE, BUT SAYS SHE'D **LOVE** TO GO!... **FUNNY, ISN'T IT?**

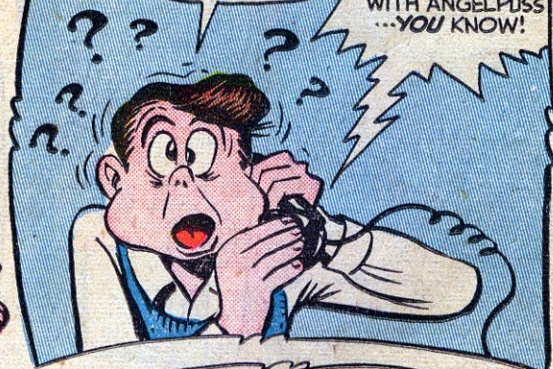
IT'S A **RIOT!**... BY THE WAY... **GULP!**... YOU COULDN'T ADVANCE ME THE PRICE OF A TICKET, COULD YOU?

SORRY, JIT... I CAN'T! YOU KNOW HOW IT IS... **NEW DAME, GOTTA PUT UP A FRONT!** IT'D BE DIFFERENT WITH ANGELPUSS... **YOU KNOW!**

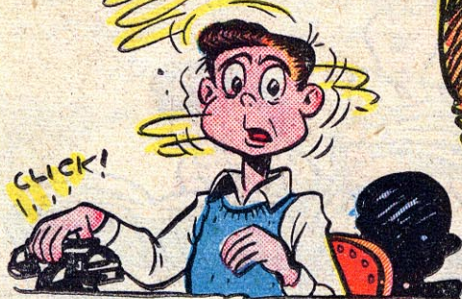


SURE I KNOW! I'M A **VERY SMART GUY!**

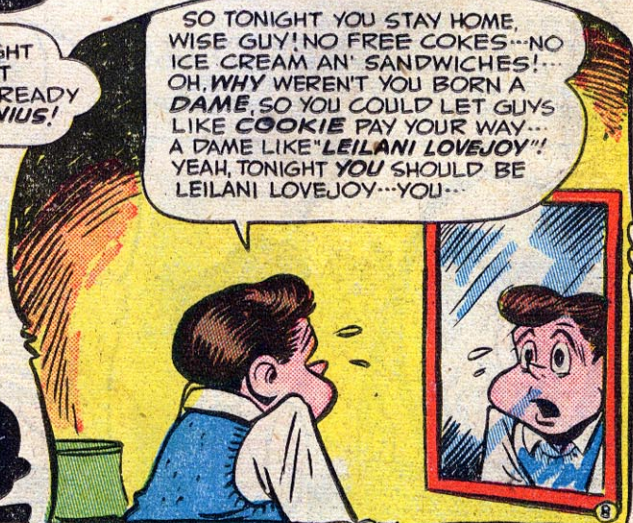
...I EVEN THOUGHT UP A NAME THAT SOME **BABE** ALREADY HAS! I'M A **GENIUS!**



SO TONIGHT YOU STAY HOME, WISE GUY! NO **FREE COKES**... NO **ICE CREAM** AN' **SANDWICHES!**... OH, WHY WEREN'T YOU BORN A **DAME**, SO YOU COULD LET GUYS LIKE **COOKIE** PAY YOUR WAY... A **DAME** LIKE "**LEILANI LOVEJOY**"! YEAH, TONIGHT **YOU** SHOULD BE **LEILANI LOVEJOY**... **YOU!**

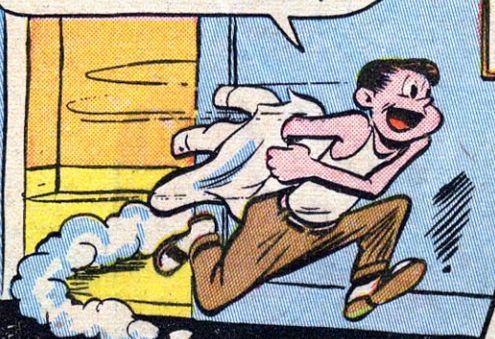


**CLICK!**

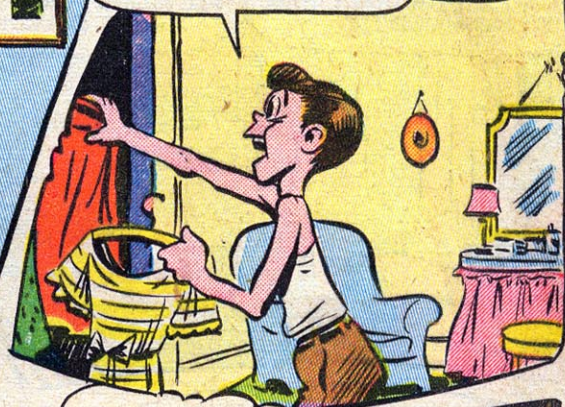




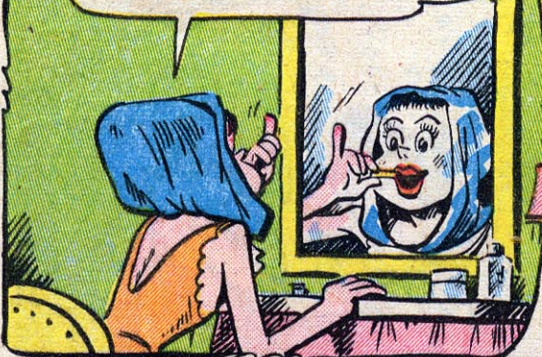
...THAT'S IT! TONIGHT I'LL BE  
LEILANI LOVEJOY! COOKIE'LL  
NEVER KNOW THE DIFFERENCE  
...HE'S NEVER SEEN HER!



THIS ACT'LL GET ME INTO THE JOINT  
AT COOKIE'S EXPENSE! I'LL BRING MY  
OWN CLOTHES SO'S I CAN SWITCH  
AFTER I'M THERE ...AN' JOIN IN THE  
FREE EATS AN' STUFF!

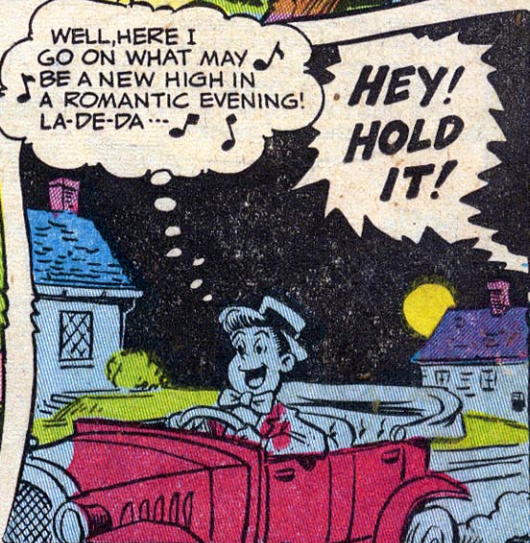


IF SIS KNEW I WAS BORROWIN'  
HER STUFF, SHE'D BREAK MY  
ARM! BUT IN AN EMERGENCY LIKE  
THIS, A GUY HASTA TAKE THOSE  
CHANCES! ...JEEPERS, I GOTTA  
WORK FAST SO I CAN HEAD  
COOKIE OFF BEFORE HE STARTS  
TO CALL FOR THAT DAME!



WELL, HERE I  
GO ON WHAT MAY  
BE A NEW HIGH IN  
A ROMANTIC EVENING!  
LA-DE-DA ...

**HEY!  
HOLD  
IT!**



WOT THE ...!  
WHO ARE  
YOU?

WHY, AH'M LEILANI LOVEJOY,  
YOU SWEET LI'L OL' THING!  
AN' AH FIGGERED IT WAS AN IM-  
POSITION TO ASK YO'-ALL TO  
COME ALL THE WAY OVER TO  
CALL FOR LI'L OL' ME! ...SO  
AH BROUGHT LI'L OL' ME  
OVER HERE INSTEAD! ...  
**GET IT?**

YEAH, I GET IT,  
BUT I DON'T  
THINK I'M  
GONNA LIKE  
IT!

OH, YOU FUNNY,  
SWEET LI'L  
MAN! NOW  
LEAVE US  
BE OFF  
FOR THE  
FESTIVITIES!



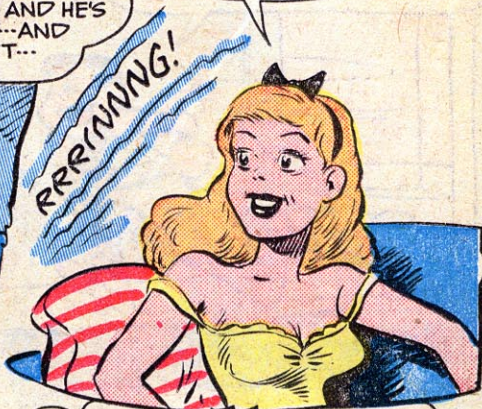
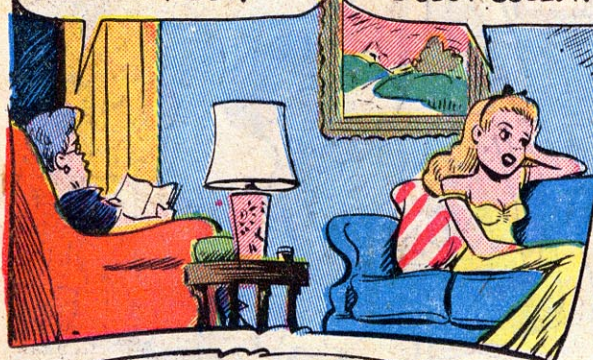


AND AT ANGELPUSS'S HOUSE...

BUT DAUGHTER, I STILL DON'T KNOW WHY YOU REFUSED TO GO TO THE DANCE WITH THAT OTHER YOUNG MAN, ZOOT!

OH, MOTHER... I KEEP THINKING OF HOW *UNREASONABLE* I WAS WITH COOKIE! AND HE'S ALL ALONE TONIGHT... AND I JUST COULDN'T...

THE TELEPHONE!  
OH, I DO HOPE IT'S COOKIE!



HELLO... ANGELPUSS?  
NICE THING! YOU REFUSE TO COME TO THIS HOP WITH ME BECAUSE OF *COOKIE*... AN' HE JUST WALKS IN WITH SOME SKINNY DAME!

WHAT?!  
...I'LL BE RIGHT OVER!

WOTTA DOG I PICKED!  
I SHOULDA STOOD IN BED!

I GOTTA MAKE A BREAK AN' CHANGE THIS COSTUME... THERE'S A NEAT LITTLE REDHEAD I COULD BE DANCIN' WITH!

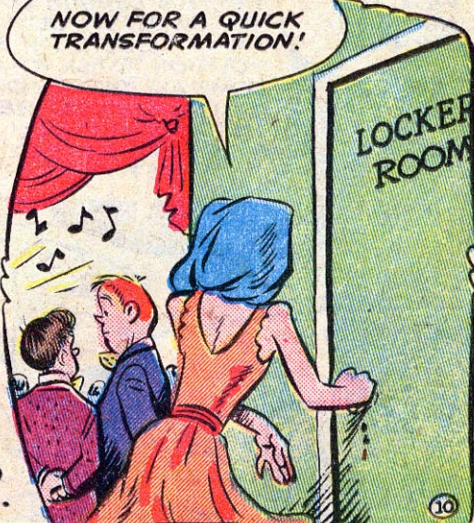
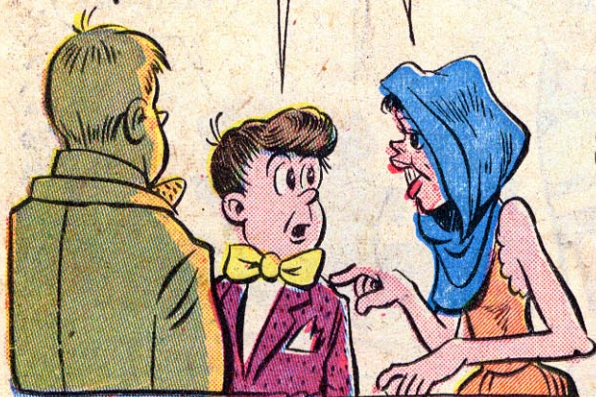


HI, *COOKIE*!  
WHERE'S JITTERBUCK TONIGHT?

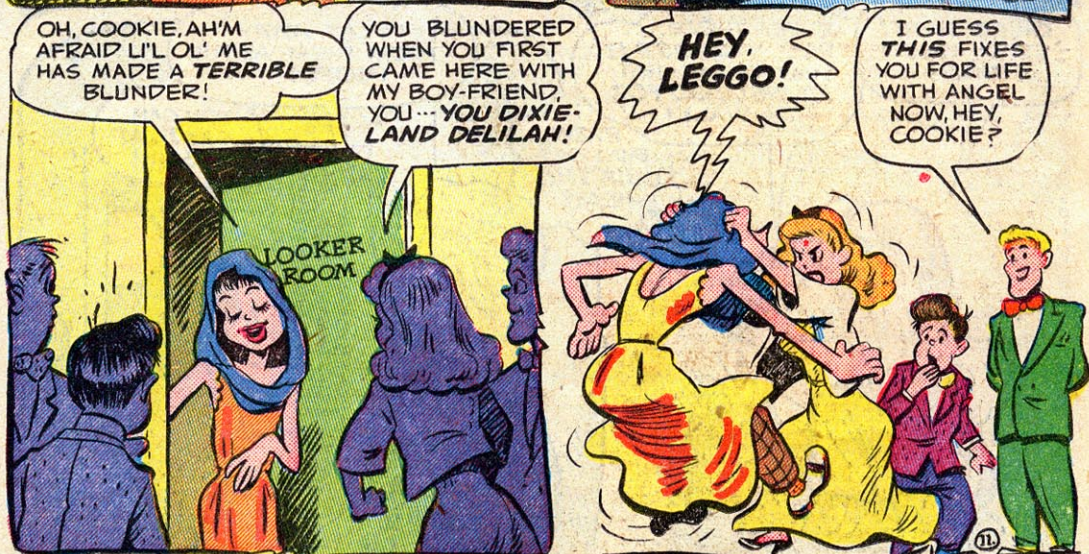
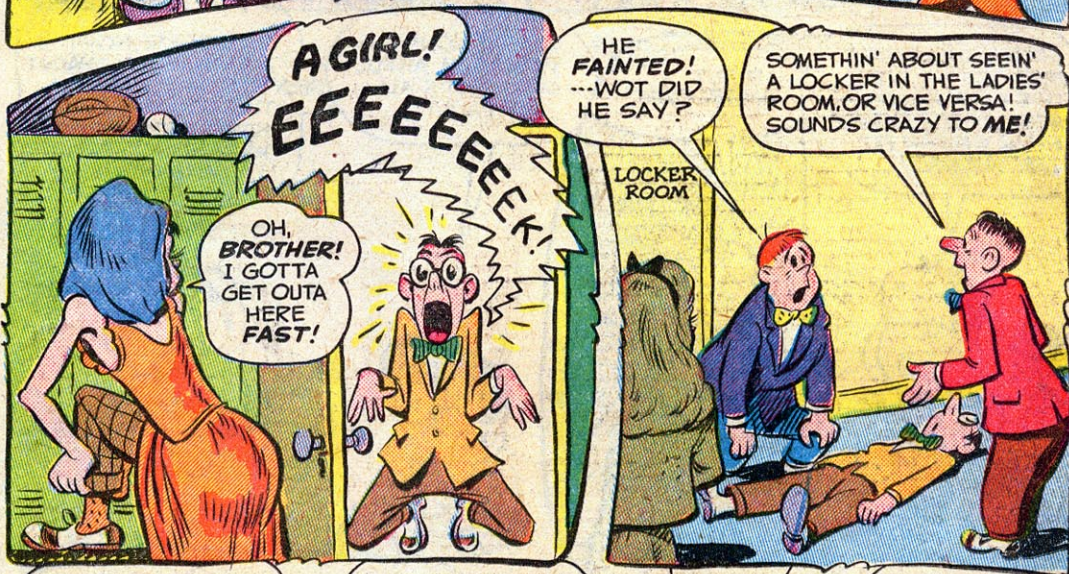
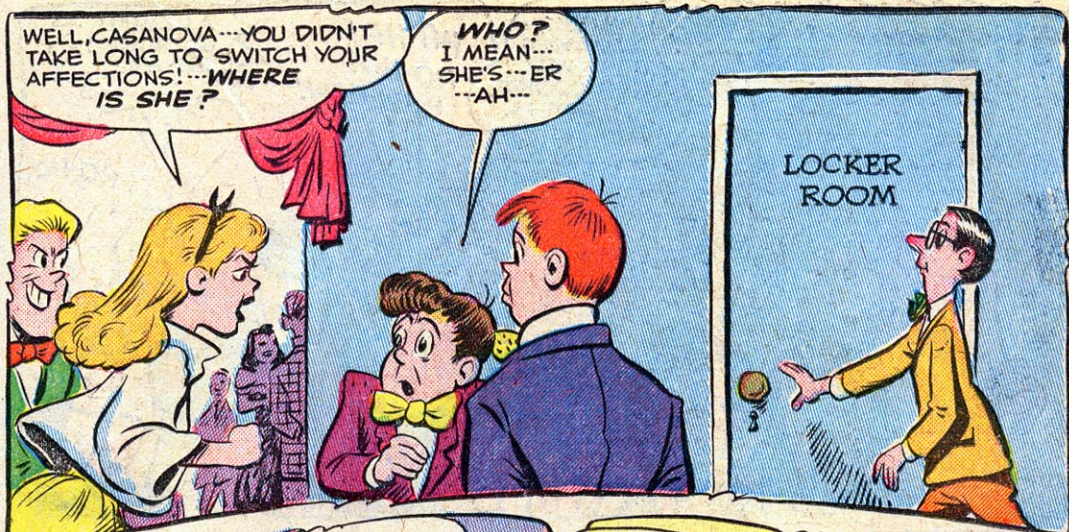
WELL, HE... HUH?

AH SAID PLEASE EXCUSE LI'L OL' ME FOR A MOMENT!

NOW FOR A QUICK TRANSFORMATION!



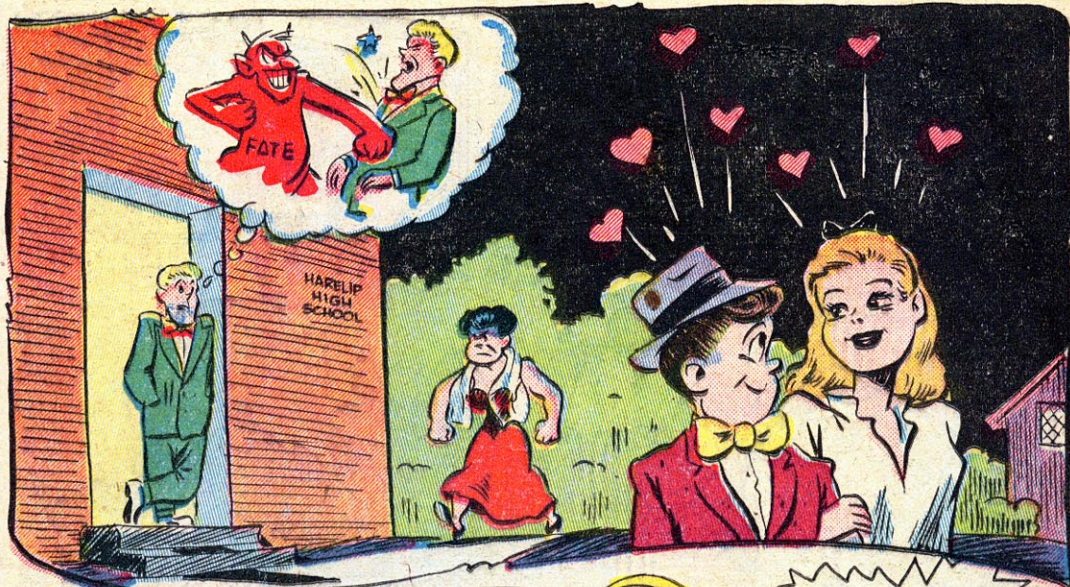












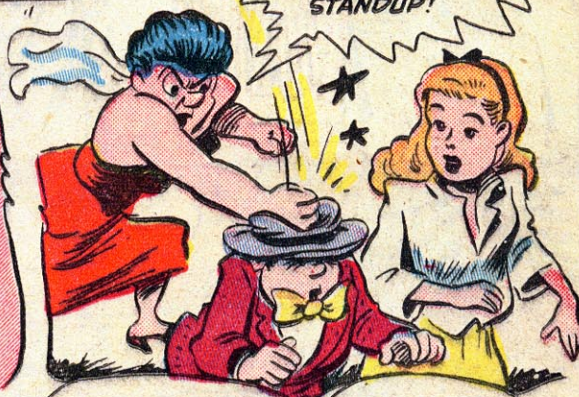
I BEG YOUR PARDON,  
BUT MY NAME IS **LEILANI  
LOVEJOY**!...DO YOU KNOW  
A JERK NAMED **COOKIE**?

**SURE!** THAT'S  
HIM OVER THERE  
WITH THE **BLONDE**!

**THERE, COOKIE  
O'TOOLE! THAT'LL  
TEACH YOU NOT TO  
GIVE A DAME A  
STANDUP!**

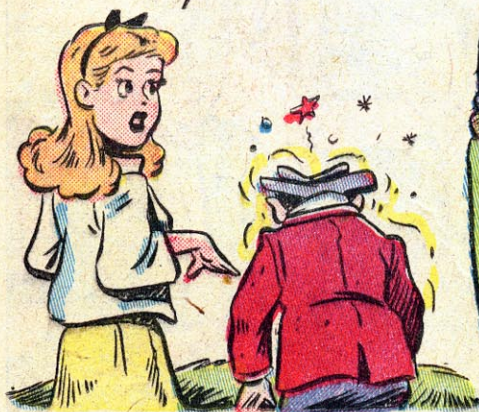


WHY, WHO  
WAS THAT?



**ANSWER ME! WHO  
WAS THAT GIRL...  
SHE CALLED YOU  
COOKIE!**

**SO WHO'S  
COOKIE?  
...I'M  
NAPOLEON!**





# PICKLES

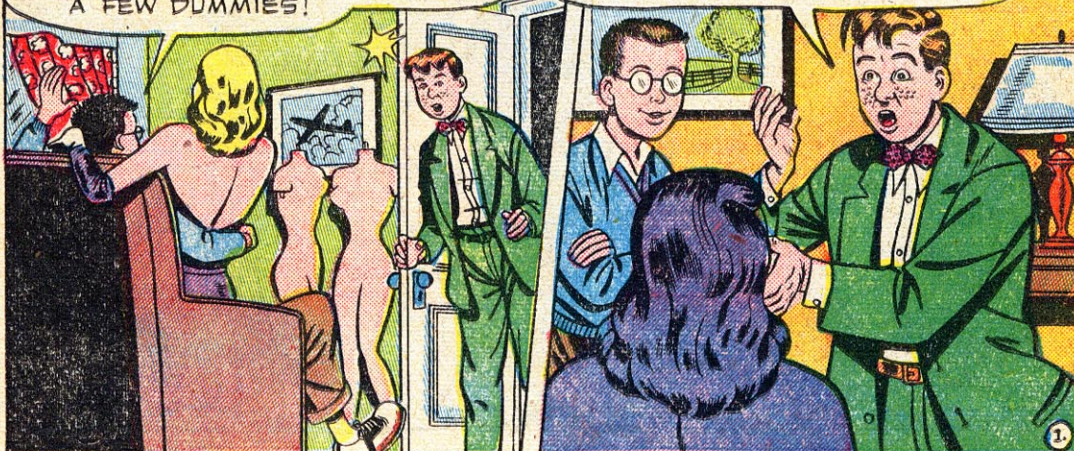
by  
AL HARLEY

B-BINKIE!  
Y-YOU...AND  
LIZBETH SCOTT!

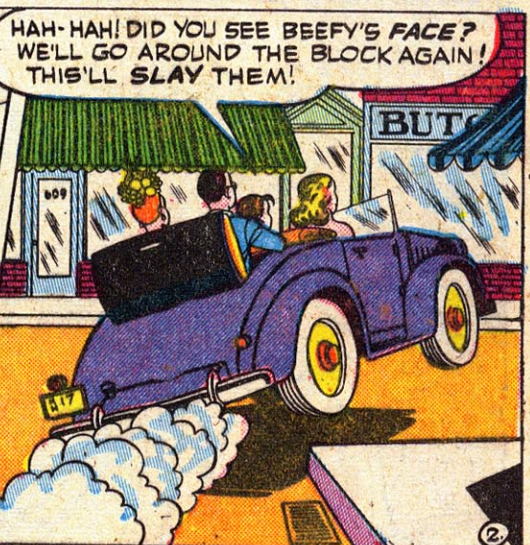
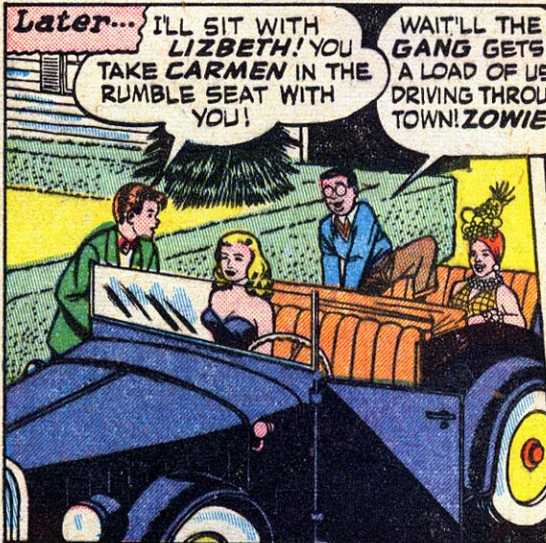
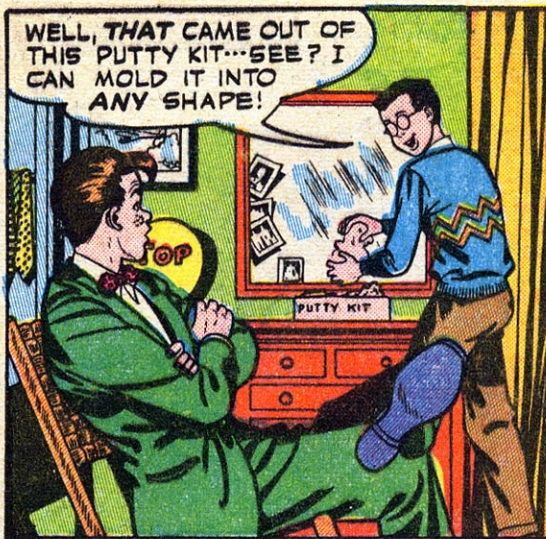


CALM DOWN, PAL...IT'S ONLY AN OLD  
MANNEQUIN OF MY UNCLE'S! HE'S A  
WINDOW DESIGNER, AND HE GAVE ME  
A FEW DUMMIES!

B-BUT, THIS FACE!...GOLLY, IT'S SO  
LIFELIKE...AND THE DROOLIN'  
IMAGE OF LIZBETH SCOTT!!









H-H-HERE COMES PICKLES AGAIN! I  
DASSEN'T LOOK... TELL ME, HAS HE  
HAS OR HAS HE AIN'T GOT THEM  
HOLLYWOOD CUTIES WITH HIM?



OH, HELLO,  
KIDS...

(AHEM) WHAT WERE  
YOU SAYING, LIZ?



WELL, I'LL  
BE...!

C'MON, KEWP!E!  
LET'S LOOK INTO  
THIS!

ACE BAKERY



WE'LL JUST TAKE  
ONE OF THESE  
DUMMIES BACK TO THE  
COZIE COKERIE AND  
SHOW PICKLES UP...  
BUT GOOD!



HUH! LOOKIT THAT FAKER!  
DUMMIES! FIGURED  
SOMETHING LIKE THIS!



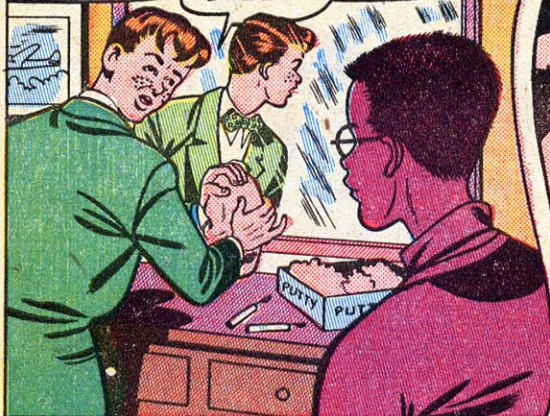
PICKLES! ROMEO  
JUST SWIPED  
CARMEN!... WE'RE  
RUINED!

NOW TAKE IT EASY... I'VE  
ALWAYS BEEN ONE  
JUMP AHEAD OF THAT  
GUY! I'LL THINK OF  
SOMETHING!





LOOK! YOU'VE PASSED AS A GIRL BEFORE  
...WE GOTTA GET AWAY WITH THE ACT  
AGAIN! ...NOW, WHILE I MOLD THIS  
PUTTY INTO SHAPE, YOU... BUZZ...  
BUZZ...



OKAY, BINKIE... YOU'RE ALL SET!  
DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE  
SUPPOSED TO DO?

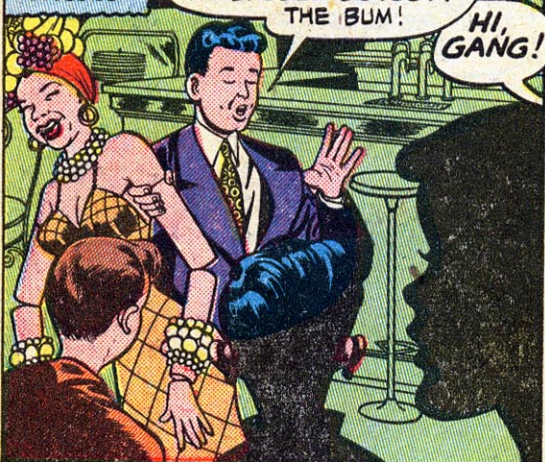
NATCH! I MEAN,  
ZURE T'ING  
PEECKLES!



At the  
Cozie  
Cokerie--

(CHUCKLE) SEE GANG, I THWARTED  
ANOTHER HOAX BY PICKLES!  
WE SHOULD BOYCOTT  
THE BUM!

HI,  
GANG!



IT'S PICKLES... WITH  
ANOTHER DUMMY! B-BUT  
THIS ONE WALKS!

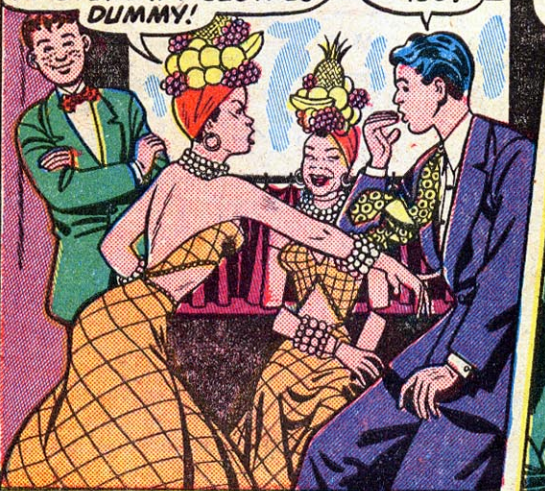


ZAT'S ZEE ONE... HEEM!  
HE STEAL MY CLOTHES  
DUMMY!

...AND TALKS,  
TOO!

B-BUT CARMEN... I  
MEAN, MISS MIRANDA  
... I THOUGHT...

SHUT ZE MOUSE.  
BEEG BOY... I  
TEENK I LOCK  
YOU UP FOR THEES!

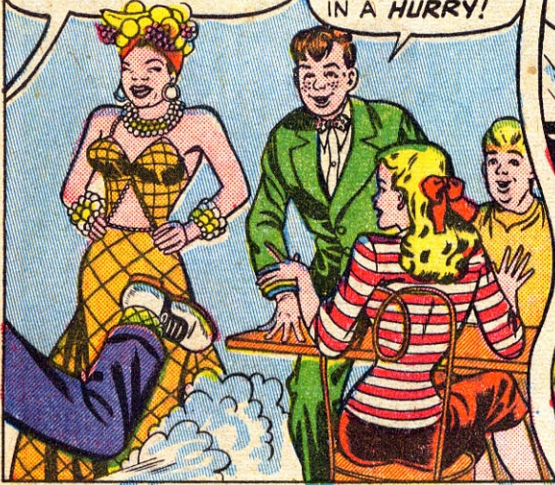




I-I JUST REMEMBERED  
AN APPOINTMENT!

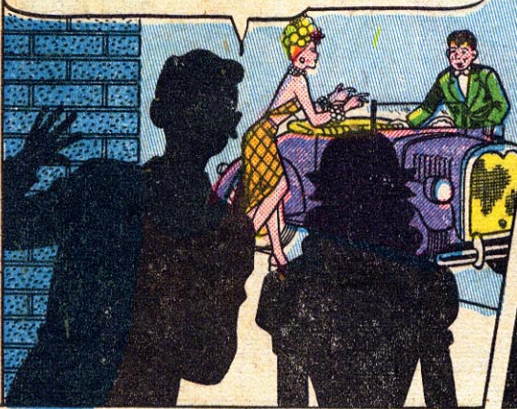
HAH-HAH! DID  
ROMEO SCRAM  
IN A HURRY!

WELL, MISS MIRANDA AND  
I MUST TODDLE ALONG  
TOO, KIDS... TA-TA!



KEWPIE, THERE'S **STILL** SOMETHING FISHY  
ABOUT THIS! NOTICE HOW MUCH TROUBLE  
CARMEN HAS **SEEING?**...ABOUT LIKE **BINKIE**  
WOULD HAVE **WITHOUT HIS GLASSES!** LET'S  
SNEAK OVER TO BINKIE'S...ON A HUNCH!

SEE, KEWPIE? WHAT DID I **TELL** YOU?  
WHY, WITH THIS PUTTY KIT, I COULD MAKE  
MYSELF LOOK LIKE ANYONE!...**YEAH,**  
EVEN **PICKLES!** A REVOLTING THOUGHT,  
BUT VERY **USEFUL** RIGHT NOW!



10 MINUTES  
LATER...

ROMEO, THAT'S PERFECT!  
YOU LOOK EXACTLY LIKE  
**PICKLES**...JUST PUT ON THIS  
BOWTIE AND CHANGE  
YOUR JACKET!

OKAY! NOW YOU PUT ON THIS  
**PAULETTE GODDARD MASK**...AND  
WE'LL EXPLOIT THIS DISCOVERY  
TO THE **LIMIT!**





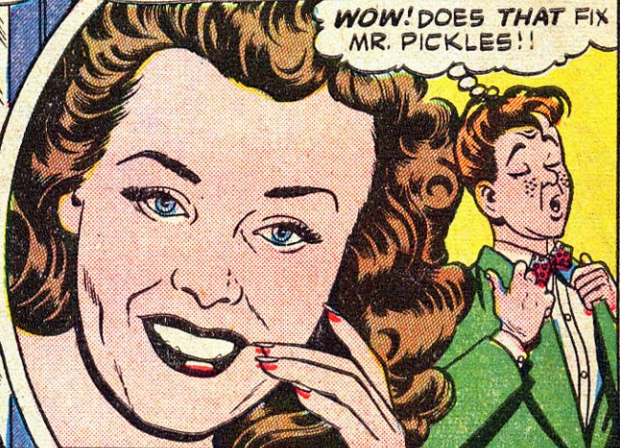
PICKLES...YOU BACK AGAIN? WITH PAULETTE GODDARD THIS TIME!!

YEAH, DEBBIE... I GOT NEWS FOR YOU!

ME AND PAULETTE HERE SORTA GO FOR EACH OTHER...SO I WON'T BE COMING AROUND TO SEE YOU ANYMORE!

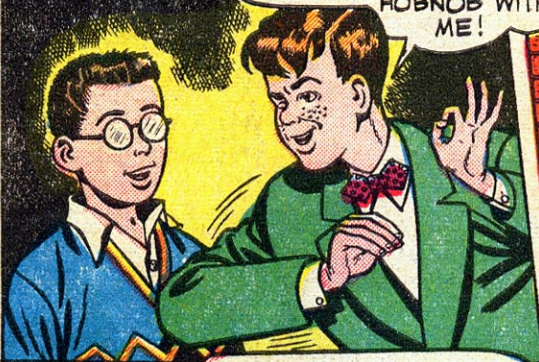
WOW! DOES THAT FIX MR. PICKLES!!

School Hop!  
Saturday  
Tickets 25¢

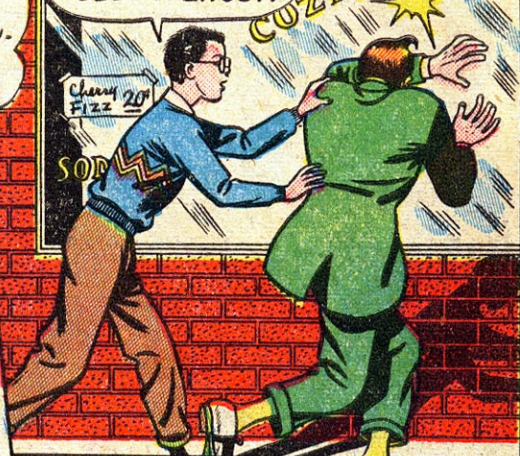


MEANWHILE, THE REAL PICKLES APPROACHES THE COZIE COKERIE...

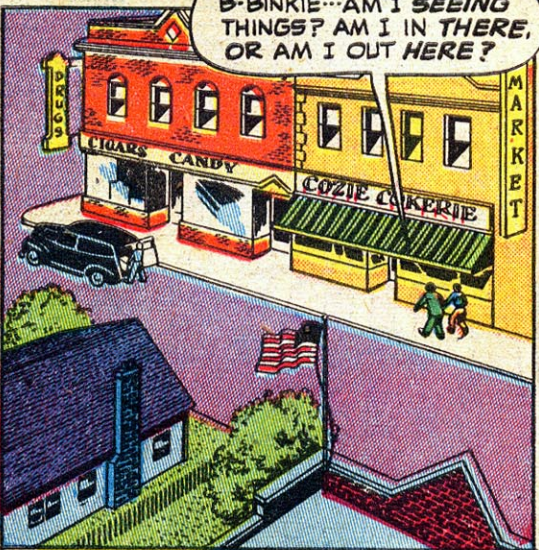
NOW COMES THE COUP DE GRACE, BINKIE! I TELL DEBBIE SHE'S STILL MY NUMBER ONE GAL, EVEN THOUGH ALL THE HOLLYWOOD FILLIES WANNA HOBNOB WITH ME!



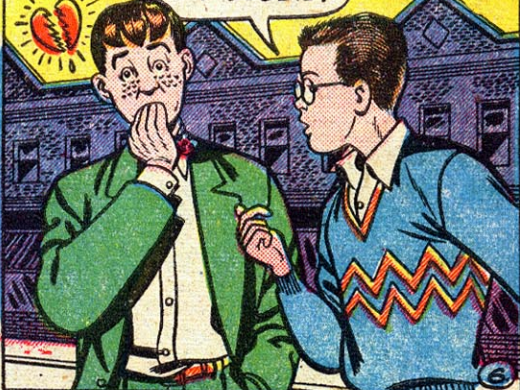
PICKLES! WHAT'S WRONG? YOU LOOK LIKE YOU'VE SEEN A GHOST!



B-BINKIE...AM I SEEING THINGS? AM I IN THERE, OR AM I OUT HERE?



HOLY SMOKE! ROMEO MUST'VE LEARNED MORE ABOUT YOUR SCHEME THAN YOU FIGURED!...HE'S DISGUISED HIMSELF AS YOU...AND YOU CAN BET HE'S SNAPLING THINGS UP BETWEEN YOU AND DEBBIE!

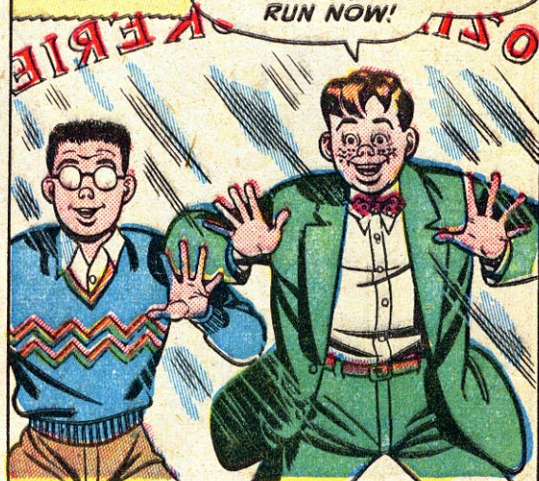




HEY...HE'S SITTING BY A HEAT VENT, BINKIE!  
 RUN DOWN THE CELLAR AND TURN THE  
 HEAT UP AS HIGH AS IT'LL GO!



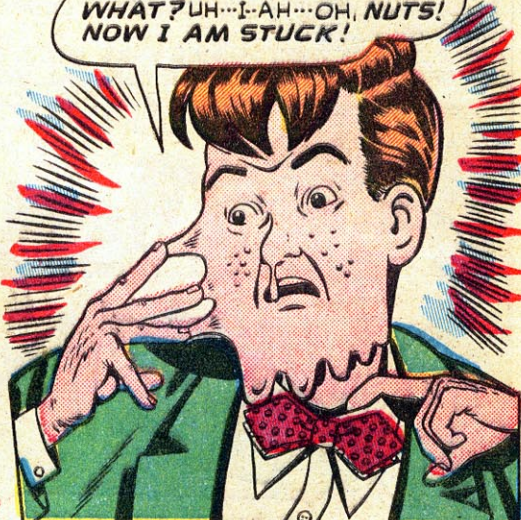
TEN MINUTES LATER...  
 WOW...IT'S WORKING! THE  
 PUTTY'S BEGINNING TO  
 RUN NOW!



PICKLES! ARE  
 YOU WELL? YOUR  
 FACE IS DROOPING!

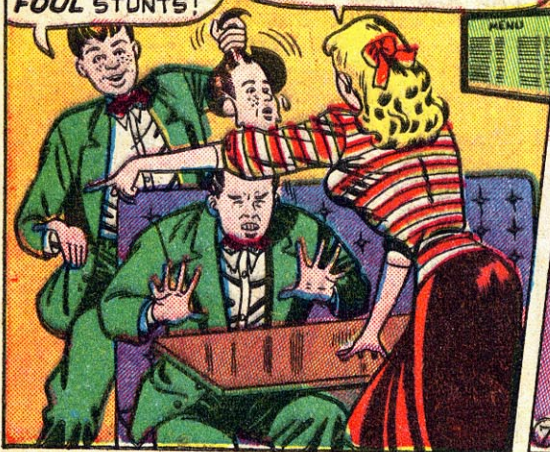


WHAT? UH...I-AH...OH, NUTS!  
 NOW I AM STUCK!

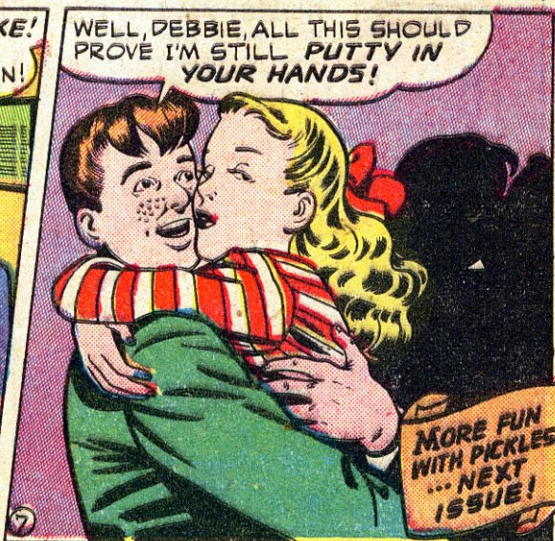


IT'S JUST ROMEO,  
 DEBBIE! UP TO  
 ANOTHER OF HIS  
 FOUL STUNTS!

CLEAR OUT, YOU SNAKE!  
 AND NEVER DARKEN  
 MY COKE BOOTH AGAIN!



WELL, DEBBIE, ALL THIS SHOULD  
 PROVE I'M STILL PUTTY IN  
 YOUR HANDS!





# The HITCH in HITCH-HIKE

"OH, woe is me! Oh, *very* woe is me!" sighed Cookie as he passed Angelpuss Witherspoon's house. "A whole weekend . . . without Angel! I'll never be able ta understand why she had to go an' visit her ol' cousin Lottie in marshtown. Phooey!"

The blare of an automobile horn cut into Cookie's soliloquy. "Well, well, well!" an obnoxiously hearty voice exclaimed. "If it isn't Cookie O'Toole, the perfect fool!"

"Whaddaya doin' in that junk heap, Zoot?" Cookie demanded, indicating Zoot's bright blue roadster. "Waitin' ta be picked up an' carted away?"

"I just stopped long enough to say so long," Zoot explained. "If you must know, I'm takin' a short haul to Marsh-town! I plan to pay my respects to Angelpuss Witherspoon! Any mes-sages?"

"Aw, get lost," said Cookie wearily. "Anything I have ta tell Angel, I'll tell 'er *myself*!"

"In that case," Zoot smiled smugly, "farewell!"

Cookie watched the blue roadster speed out on the Marshtown Road, and a deep bitterness welled up in his heart. Visions of Zoot dancing with Angel, sharing her coke and seeing her home under a starry sky danced before his eyes.

"No!" A note of determination crept into Cookie's wavering voice. "If anybody gets to date Angelpuss Witherspoon this weekend, it'll be *me*! I'm going to Marshtown!"

Cookie approached his old jalopy reverently, prayerfully.

"Pinto, ol' pal," he said, patting the dented right fender tenderly, "yuh

gotta carry me to Marshtown afore the dawn! Whaddaya say, ol' hoss?"

As he touched the fender for the third time, the car seemed to wheeze violently. A shudder shook its chassis and then, without a honk of warning, the ancient jalopy bit the dust.

"Hmmm," Cookie hummed thoughtfully, looking at the tired wreck. "There are *still* trains running! The fare, I believe, is three dollars and fifty-seven cents!"

Cookie found his father in the tool shed. "Only three dollars and fifty-seven cents, pop," he pleaded. "That's all I need to get me to Marshtown and Heaven!"

"And another three dollars plus to get back," said Mr. O'Toole, smacking his thumb with a hammer. "Drat! Nothing doing, my boy! Miss Witherspoon will be back home Sunday night. You'll just have to wait until then to see her!"

"How about lending me your car, dad?" Cookie made a last, desperate try.

"What I have to say is final," replied Mr. O'Toole. "No!"

All the anguish in the world seemed to be centered inside of Cookie O'Toole as he pondered the Marsh-town problem. There, fifteen measly miles away, was Angelpuss Witherspoon. *And* a certain heel named Zoot!

"I can't stand it any longer!" Cookie yelped. "I'm goin' ta Marshtown . . . by *thumb*!"

Mrs. O'Toole thought it was silly of Cookie and Mr. O'Toole thought it would serve him right to try. But Cookie had nothing but happy thoughts as he stood on the roadside



and signalled the Marstown-bound traffic.

A rickety old car that seemed to be missing a horse in front came to a screeching halt and a sweet little gray-haired lady, all smiles and wrinkles, leaned out of the high window. "Come along, lad," she invited Cookie. "This car seats two, you know!"

About a mile down the road, the car started to tremble all over. Then there was a long, sharp "Hsssss," and the ancient relic stopped short.

"Drat!" the old lady said. "There goes a tire! You'll help me change it, won't you, lad?"

"Help you!" said Cookie gallantly. "I'll change it myself!"

Four hours later, Cookie flung himself down, dog-tired, covered with grease, and aching in every bone. He had had to switch all four tires "to equalize the distribution," the old lady said.

It seemed they were also out of water. "It's only a mile back to town . . . really nothing for a strapping boy like you! And while you're at it, bring back some gasoline, won't you?"

"I . . . I'm sorry," Cookie apologized, when he could breathe once more. "I'm in an *awful* hurry to get to Marstown. I've just *got* to go now!"

A long, low-slung roadster came to a gliding stop. "Hop in, kid!" the driver ordered tersely . . . and Cookie hopped.

Zzzzip! The car shot forward as though it were jet-propelled. "Gosh!" Cookie quivered, clutching the seat for support. "This guy's a *maniac*!"

Without regard for conversation, traffic lights or danger signals, the driver of Cookie's "lift" sped towards Marstown. "We're there! We're almost in Marstown!" Cookie shouted, as he saw its buildings about a mile

down the road. But the driver had other plans. Making a sharp right turn, he sped down a winding road . . . away, far away from Cookie's goal!

Ten miles later, poor Cookie tumbled out on the road and made a final effort to get back to Marstown. This time, it was a lumber truck, bound for Marstown, that gave Cookie a break . . . he thought!

All Cookie had to do was hop out of the truck every half-mile or so and help unload lumber, stacking it neatly into huge piles. All he had to do was lug the tremendous planks from the platform of the truck, and hoist them, redwood by redwood, to some inaccessible spot about a million miles away!

It was nightfall when Cookie O'Toole finally got into Marstown. His face was stained with grease and mud, his clothes were torn, his shoes were ragged, his hair was messy and his hands were full of splinters. But his heart was full of love and hope as he rang the doorbell on the door of the little white house that belonged to Angel's cousin Lottie!

It was Lottie who opened the door and shrieked when she saw the apparition on the front porch.

"Is . . . is Miss Angelpuss Witherspoon in?" asked the apparition. "I've come a long way to see her. A long, long way!"

"I'm sorry," answered cousin Lottie, looking nervously around, "but Miss Witherspoon just left for home with a friend. Someone named Zoot!"

The apparition howled loudly and pitifully. "No! No! I wuz countin' on a ride back! Oh, my achin' thumb!"

There was no other out. Cookie O'Toole had only one way of getting back to home and Angelpuss Witherspoon and that was by . . . *hitchhiking*!

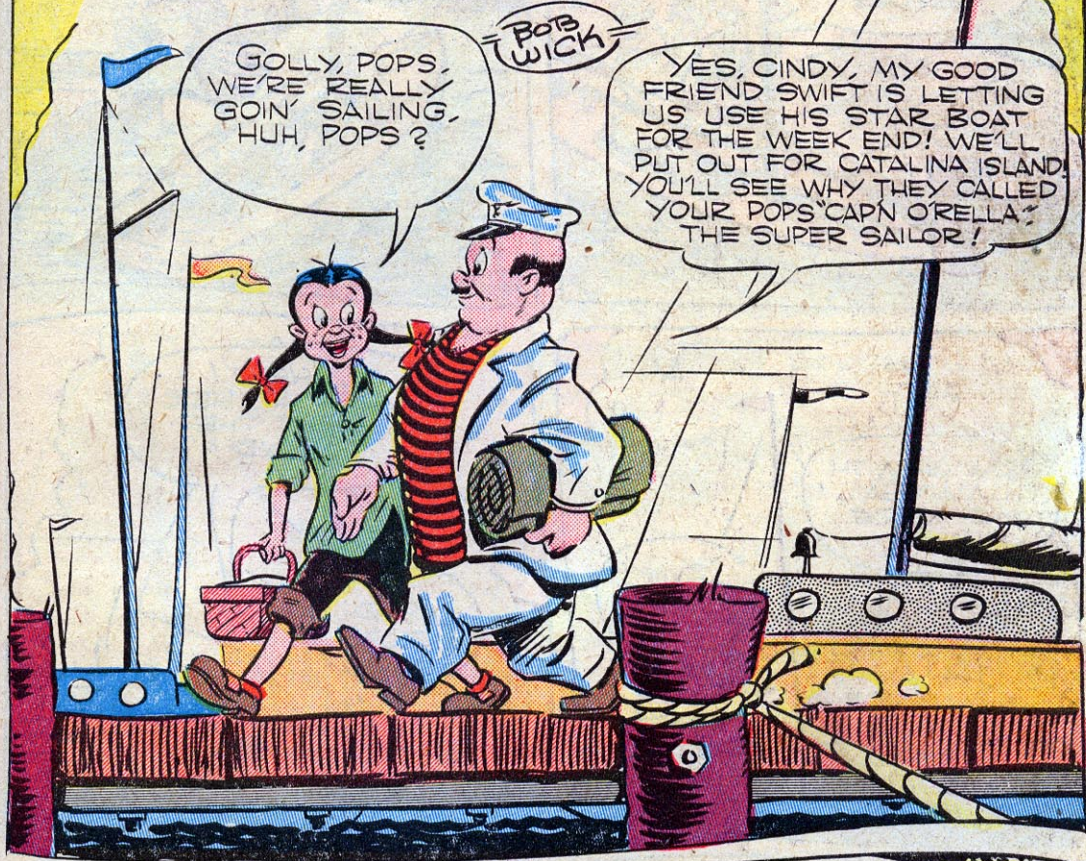


# OUR KID SISTER

GOLLY, POPS,  
WE'RE REALLY  
GOIN' SAILING,  
HUH, POPS?

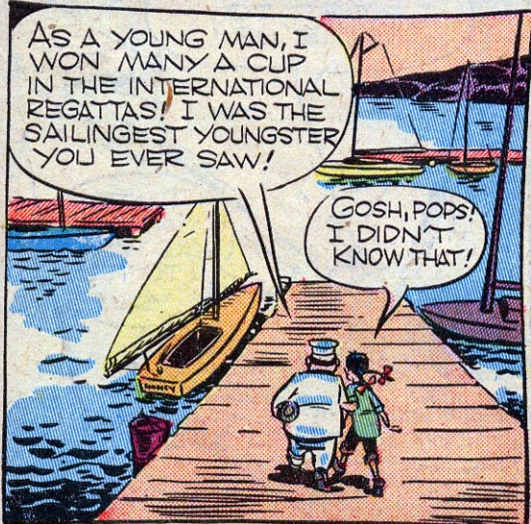
BOB  
WICK

YES, CINDY, MY GOOD  
FRIEND SWIFT IS LETTING  
US USE HIS STAR BOAT  
FOR THE WEEK END! WE'LL  
PUT OUT FOR CATALINA ISLAND!  
YOU'LL SEE WHY THEY CALLED  
YOUR POPS 'CAPN O'RELLA'  
THE SUPER SAILOR!



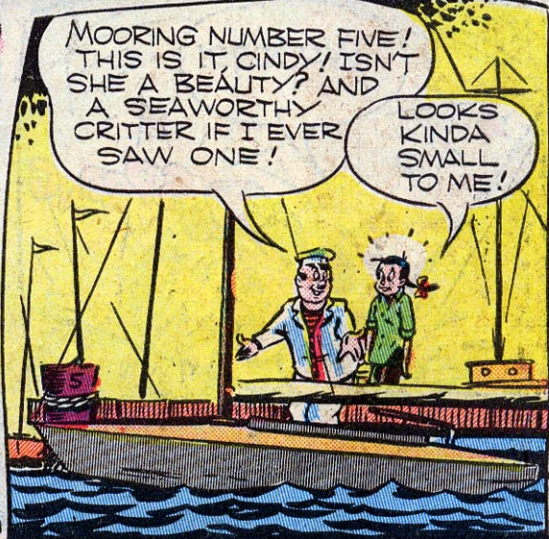
AS A YOUNG MAN, I  
WON MANY A CUP  
IN THE INTERNATIONAL  
REGATTAS! I WAS THE  
SAILINGEST YOUNGSTER  
YOU EVER SAW!

GOSH, POPS!  
I DIDN'T  
KNOW THAT!

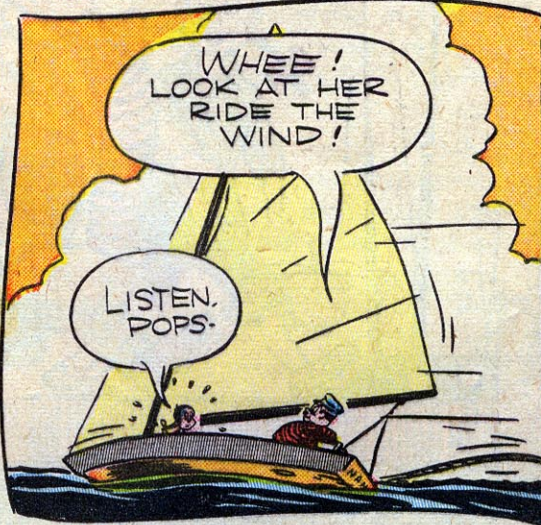
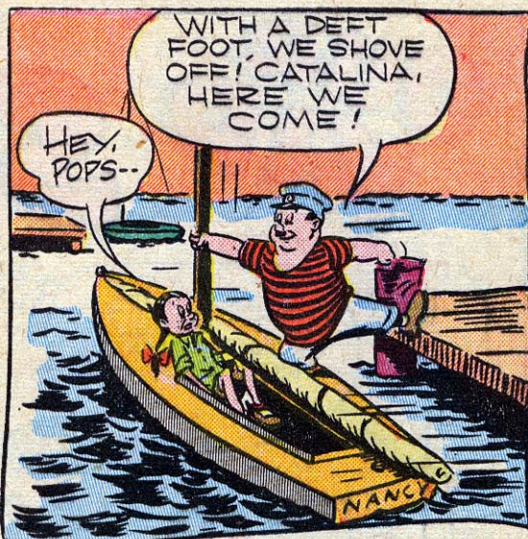
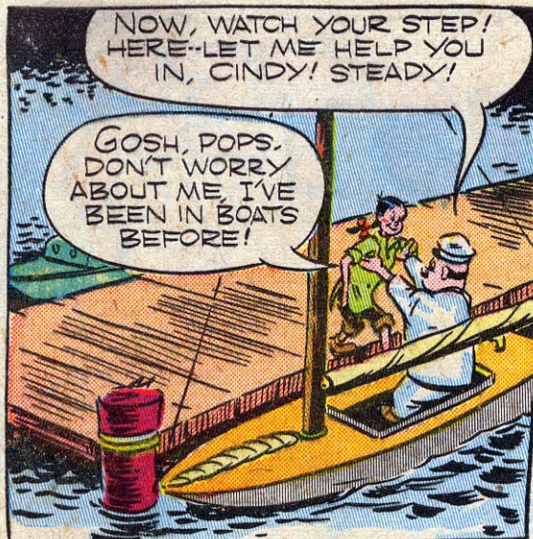


MOORING NUMBER FIVE!  
THIS IS IT, CINDY! ISN'T  
SHE A BEAUTY? AND  
A SEAWORTHY  
CRITTER IF I EVER  
SAW ONE!

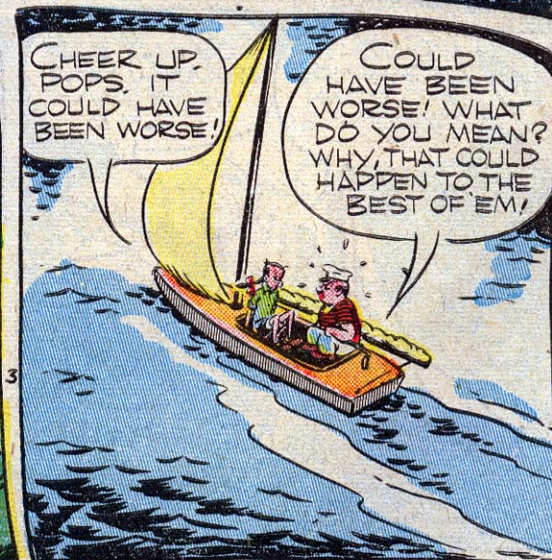
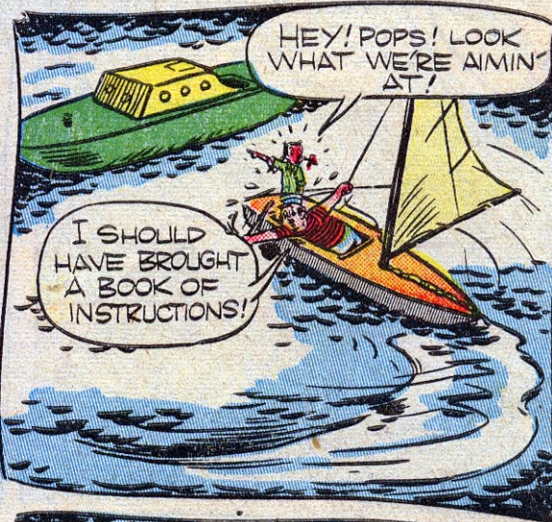
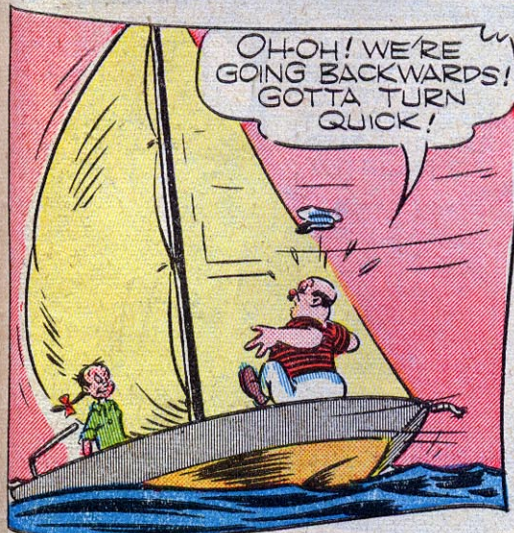
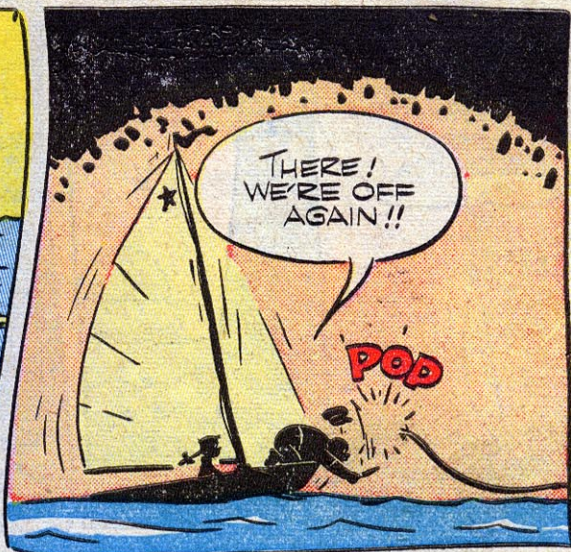
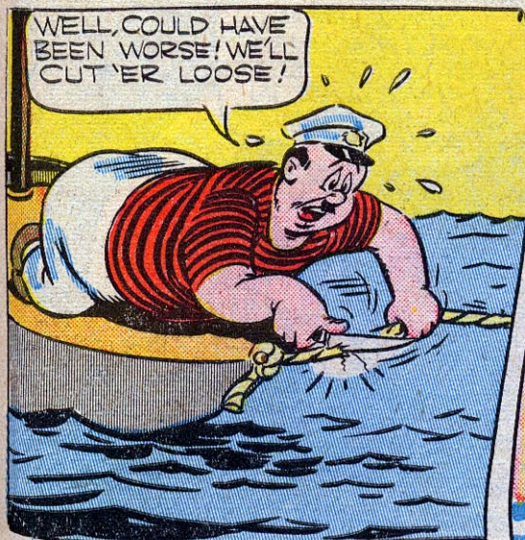
LOOKS  
KINDA  
SMALL  
TO ME!



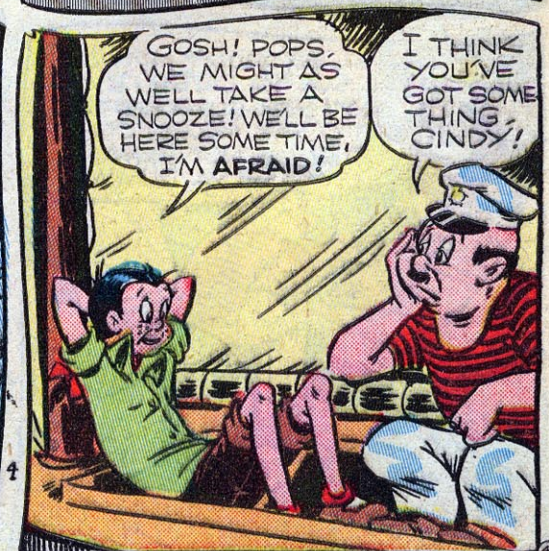
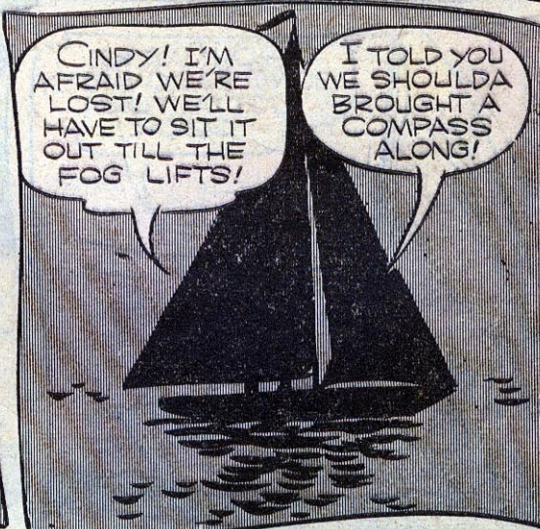
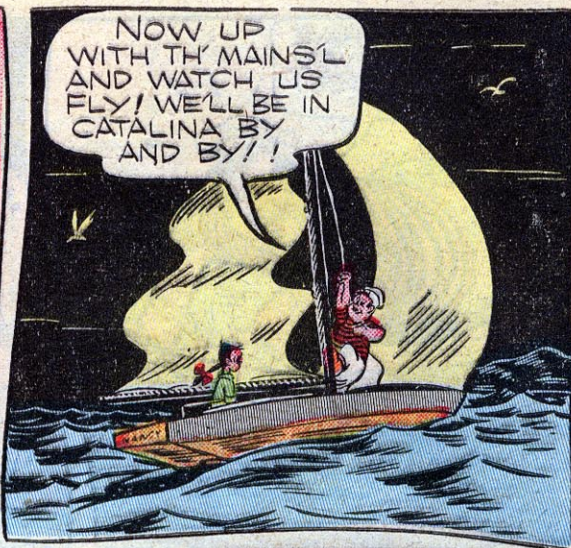
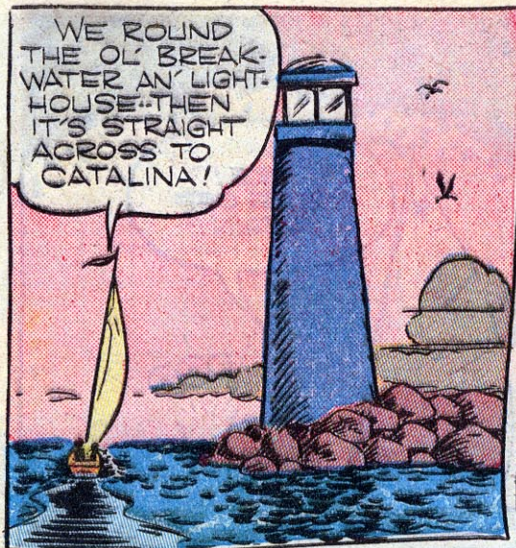




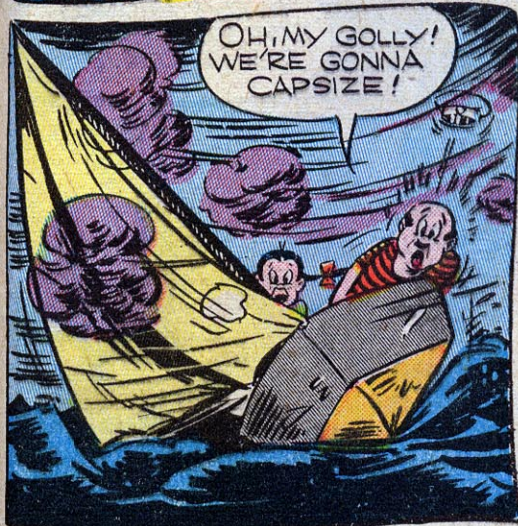
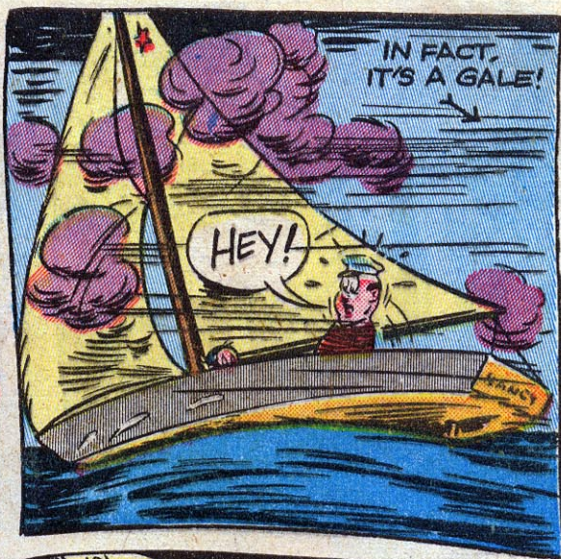
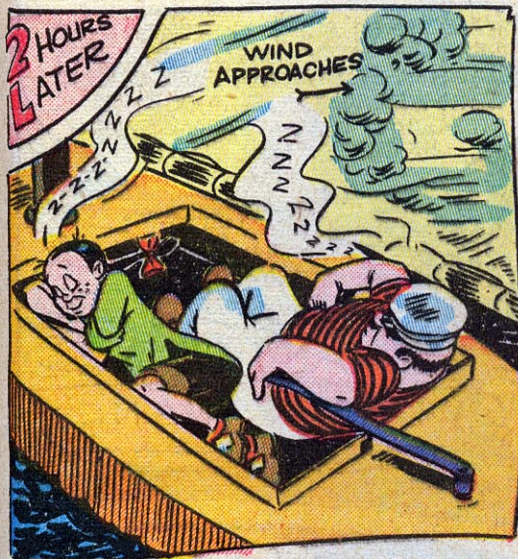






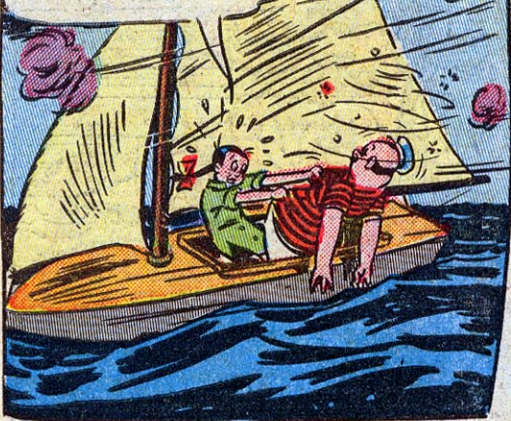




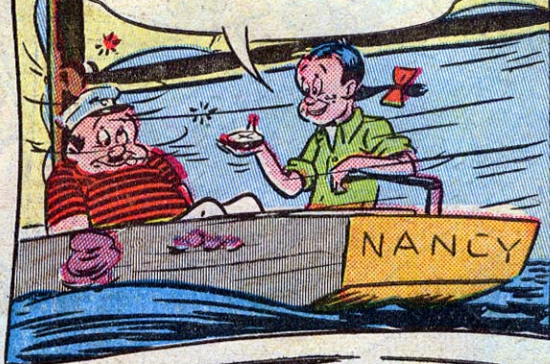




IT'S KINDA ROUGH  
ON POPS, BUT IT  
ACCOMPLISHES A  
PURPOSE!



NOW THAT HE'S SAFELY OUT  
OF THE WAY FOR A WHILE,  
I'LL BRING OUT MY GIRL SCOUT  
COMPASS AND GET LOCATED  
AGAIN! HMM! LET ME SEE...  
NOR' BY NOR EAST!

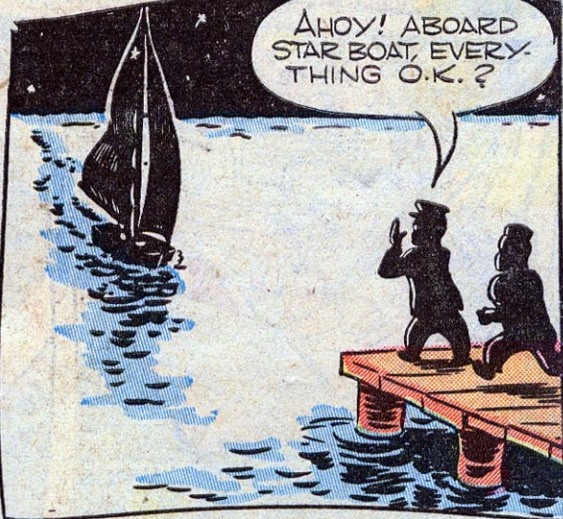


SEVERAL  
HOURS  
LATER

WELL,  
LITTLE OL'  
COMPASS DID  
IT!



AHOY! ABOARD  
STAR BOAT, EVERY-  
THING O.K.?



CONGRATULATIONS,  
SIR! YOUR STERLING  
SEAMANSHIP HAS  
PAID DIVIDENDS!  
YOU'VE WEATHERED  
THE WORST  
SQUALL IN  
YEARS!

AND BROUGHT  
HER IN WITH-  
OUT A SCRATCH!  
IT'S A REMARKABLE  
FEAT!

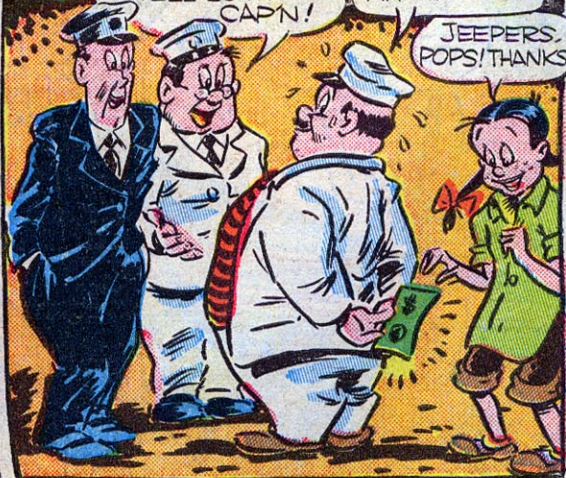
SQUALL:  
WHO?  
WHERE?  
OH!



ALL CATALINA IS BUZZING  
ABOUT YOUR DARING EXPLOIT!  
TELL US MORE,  
CAPN!

WELL-AH-  
THERE-I-  
AH-WERE-

JEEPERS,  
POPS! THANKS!





And to think they used to call me

# SKINNY!

**Give Me 15 Minutes A Day  
And I'll Give You A NEW BODY**

PEOPLE used to laugh at my skinny, 97 lb. body. I was so embarrassed at my weakling build that I was ashamed to strip for sports or for a swim. Girls snickered and made fun of me behind my back. THEN I discovered my marvelous new muscle-building system — "Dynamic Tension." And it turned me into such a *complete* specimen of MANHOOD that today I hold the title "THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN."

That's how I traded in my "bag of bones" for a barrel of muscle! And I felt so much better, so much on *top of the world* in my big new, husky body, that I decided to devote my whole life to helping other fellows change themselves into "perfectly developed men."

## WHAT'S MY SECRET?

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, strapping fellow smiling back at you—then you'll be astonished at how *short* a time it takes "Dynamic Tension" to GET RESULTS!

"Dynamic Tension" is the easy, NATURAL method that you can practice in the privacy of your own room—JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY—while your scrawny shoulder muscles begin to swell... those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge... and your whole body starts to feel "alive," full of zip and go!

No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes." Just tell me *where* you want handsome, powerful muscles. Are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and gawky?

## FREE BOOK

Mail the coupon right now for full details and I'll send you my illustrated book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Tells all about my "Dynamic Tension" method. Shows actual photos of men I've made into Atlas Champions. It's a valuable book! And it's FREE. Send for your copy today. Mail the coupon to me personally. CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 2K, 115 E. 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.

Are you short-winded, pepless? Do you hold back and let others walk off with the prettiest girls, best jobs, etc.? Then write for my FREE Book about "Dynamic Tension" and learn how I can make you a healthy, confident, powerful HE-MAN.

Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with. When you have learned to develop your strength through "Dynamic Tension," you can laugh at artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the dormant muscle-power in your own body—watch it increase and multiply into real, solid LIVE MUSCLE.



**CHARLES  
ATLAS**

Holder of title.  
"The World's Most  
Perfectly Devel-  
oped Man."

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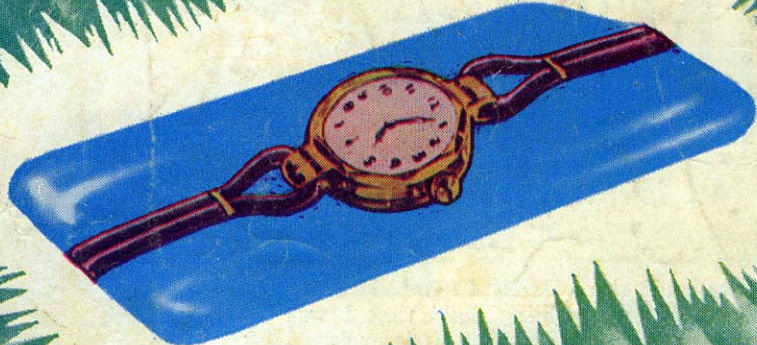
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